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REV. JAMES HORTON.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

EARLY LIFE, REMARKABLE CONVERSION,

AND

SPIRITUAL LABOURS

OF

JAMES P. HORTON,

WHO HAS BEEN A MEMBER OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH UPWARD OF FORTY YEARS.

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A NARRATIVE

OF

JAMES P. HORTON.

I was born in Fishkill, Dutchess county, New-York, on the 17th March, 1769. My parents were not professors of religion. But my mother lingered a long time with the consumption ; and on the morning of her last day on earth she looked out upon my father and his hands, who were at work in the harvest-field, and exclaimed, "Ah, you are reaping down your harvest, but before the going down of the sun, I shall be with my Jesus in glory!" and at one o'clock that day she took her flight to the world of spirits. This, I well recollect, was a day of sorrow to me; my heart seemed as if it would break. Previous to the death of my mother, I had a severe fit of sickness, and sunk away until the family supposed me dead; and prepared my grave clothes, and were about to clothe me for the tomb: when I revived, and began to recover. Though I had received very little religious instruction, yet I had many serious

and solemn thoughts. When a child, I dreamed the day of judgment had arrived; toward the north, the air, earth, and sky, appeared one solid mass of fire. It moved toward me, and I was about to be burned up. I was greatly alarmed, and woke up affrighted. As soon as I was a little composed, I thanked the Lord that it was not a reality, but a dream. In the morning every thing looked solemn; I went to school with my mind deeply impressed with my dream. When school was dismissed at 12 o'clock, I could not join with my little play-mates, in whose sports I used to delight so much; their conduct and conversation were so contrary to my feelings, that I stole away from them, and went into the woods, and coming to a spot of green grass, I threw myself down on my back, and looking up toward the heaven, I meditated on the greatness of that Being who made the world; my young mind ascended upward, broke through the ethereal blue, and centered in God, and in that moment light and happiness, such as I had never known before, flowed into my soul. I did not know at the time that it was religion. It was a dark day, and very little was known or said of experimental religion; I think I was at this time about eleven years old. My father married again, and I was sent from home to learn the blacksmith's trade; but I was soon taken sick; and when I recovered, the doctor advised my parents to place me at

some other trade, as that did not agree with me. So I left it, and went to learn the house carpenters and joiner's trade; but the woman of the house did not treat me well, and I left that place and went to learn the trade of shoe-making, in connection with tanning and currying, with my step-mother's son. With him I lived three years—he treated me ill, and kept me to work on the farm. While I lived here, I fell into bad company, learned to play cards, to curse and swear; and from these wicked habits I went on to drinking, and quarrelling, and fighting. When in company I was restless unless engaged in card-playing, or pitching hundreds, or some such exercise. I cannot say that I ever loved strong drink; but when in company I wanted to appear like a man, and I drank freely. But alas! instead of making me a man, it made me like a devil. When I was about sixteen years of age, and worked at S. Scriver's, the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson and Black Harry came along, and stopped for refreshment at Mr. Scriver's, who kept a public house; the old gentleman told the landlord that if he would invite his neighbours in, he would preach them a sermon; the landlord consented, and Mr. G. preached; and his sermon came home to my heart. I felt as the Samaritan woman did when she said, "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did." I thought it very strange that a man who had never seen me before, should know all about my wick-

ed conduct; and I was deeply impressed with the belief that he was a good man, and that the Spirit of the Lord was with him; and that he had shown him all my conduct. I then thought that the people called Methodists were sent of God to reform the world. But the preachers travelled on to the north, and my light went out. It was not long before I was alarmed again; as I sat one evening at supper, there came a ball of fire from the north-east, and passed to the south-west, making a great light, and causing much fear. I was at the time at Mr. Scriver's, where I heard Mr. Garrettson preach, about nine miles from Poughkeepsie. I believe this meteor was seen through a great part of the country. After this, I went to Beekmantown, and hired to J. W. for six months. While here I heard there was to be a Methodist meeting held in the old Baptist meeting-house. I went, and Mr. Harpending preached. I was cut to the heart, and wept under the sermon; for a week after, I slept but little, such was my distress of mind. Often when walking across the fields by day and by night, I was impressed to kneel down and pray. But I was afraid some one would see me, and publish it through the neighbourhood; for many professors as well as non-professors, told strange stories about the Methodists, and seemed to think they did God service by persecuting them.

After the time for which I hired to Mr. W.

was out, my cousin A. Byrd and myself went down to Whiteplains. Here I associated with my cousins, and went with them constantly into young company, where jesting and merriment soon drove away my serious reflections, and I became more hardened in sin than ever.

I came of age on the 17th of March, and on the 18th I married, and lived one year with my father-in-law. The next year I lived with my father, then I moved near the Friends' meeting house in Oswego, the next year in G. Livingston's house, and the next year in a place called Logtown, near Three Taverns. Here I took full swing in drinking, card-playing, dancing, and serving the devil with all my might.

One night, after playing cards until a late hour, I returned home very unhappy. When I arose in the morning, I started for the tavern; it being extremely cold, I called at a house on the way to warm myself. I entered a room in which a coloured woman was sitting by a good fire. I took a place near the fire; had not been seated long, before a doctor K. came in, and asked me if I was going to the funeral that day. I inquired who was dead; he informed me that J. D. had lost his little child. I expressed my sorrow for the death of the child, when the doctor began to curse and swear in the most awful manner I ever heard; wicked as I was, I was shocked at his profanity. He then advanced impious principles, such as I had never before heard;

I was amazed at the man, and in the midst of my amazement, there was an impression made on my mind, as if by a voice—what if it should be your turn next—you are unprepared to meet your God, and hell must be your portion. The voice to me seemed louder and more terrific than all the thunder I had ever heard. I felt as though I should fall dead upon the floor, and plunge into hell. I sprang up with what strength I had, got hold of the door and passed out, supporting myself against the side of the house, until I reached the fence. Every thing around me looked dark and dreadful. I knew not what to make of all this. After a while I recovered my strength, and went on to the tavern. The family being at breakfast, I waited until they finished, and then called for a glass of bitters. While the woman of the house was pouring out the liquor, I was struck with another tremour: I left the bitters and the tavern and hastened home, a miserable, unhappy man. My wife and children no longer appeared to me as they formerly did. I felt as if I had no friend either in heaven or on earth. Throughout the day my soul was disquieted in me, and I had no rest in my body. I walked back and forth and knew not what to do. When night came on, I resolved to go to a certain place where I knew there would be merriment and song, hoping that the presence of my jovial associates would drive away my gloom. I accordingly went to the place; the jest and song began, but I soon

found it was no place for me. I left the company, returned home, took a light supper, and retired to bed, but could find no rest. Sleep departed from my eyes. My misery was so great that life was a burden, and I determined to end it. So I crawled out of bed, and prepared my knife, and was about to end my wretched life, when an awful impression seized me, that hell would be my doom, and I withheld my hand. O the mercy of God in restraining me in that dreadful moment of desperation! Surely I am a "brand plucked out of the burning."

After residing two years in this place, I removed to Oswego. Here I became involved in a lawsuit with J. I. and his brother-in-law in the following manner: I was intoxicated one day, and the two young men teased and ridiculed me until I became angry, and took after them, but they got away without my touching either of them. At night when I came home, and was entering the door of my house, four men and the wife of J. I. seized me, and throwing me down, succeeded in binding my arms with a pair of lines; when they, supposing me secure, released their hold of me. With a violent surge, I broke the lines; and they fled from me, and took shelter in their house. If they had not fled from me at this time, such was my anger, I should have hurt them. My arms were much injured by their violence, and my father insisted that I should prosecute them;

but I felt disposed rather to pay them in my own way. I was however prevailed upon to prosecute, and accordingly commenced a suit. And they immediately commenced a prosecution in behalf of the people. There were soon served upon me writs enough to make a winding sheet for me. By dishonesty and false swearing, they obtained judgment against me, and I was sent to jail. Here I was confined fifteen months, four of which I was on the limits. During this time my enemies sold out and removed to Pittstown; and my suit against them only served to consume what money I made by working at my trade during my confinement.

I remained a wicked rebel against God; yet my convictions would often return: none but God knows what I suffered when the village bell gave notice by its solemn toll that a soul had gone into eternity. I would leave my work, throw myself on my bed, and roll in such an agony that it seemed as if every breath would be my last, and my poor soul would sink down to the bottomless pit. Then the terrors of the Lord would pass away, and I would drink, and sing, and dance, without any thought or care for God or my soul.

One day, during my confinement, the governor of the state visited the village. He was welcomed by the waving of flags and the firing of guns. One of my fellow-prisoners, J. G., had a small pistol; so we hung a flag

out of the window, and fired salutes on the occasion too. The governor, hearing of our doings, sent us four crowns; we immediately sent out and got two flasks of spirits, and drank freely. I then went below stairs, and fired a salute to the debtors in No. 1. Mr. F., the keeper of the prison, was from home; Mrs. F. was alarmed, and asked if I meant to let the prisoners out; I told her I would soon have them all at liberty. She locked the outside door, and I continued firing at it until she believed I was about to accomplish what I had threatened, and screamed for help until some men who were within hearing came running to her assistance; and when they saw what I was about, they went off laughing at my frolic. At another time when the keeper was absent, I kept Mrs. F. up all night. I had a large flat lap-stone; this I raised up with both hands as high as I could reach, and dashed it with all my might upon the floor; the noise was like the roaring of a cannon. I kept this up all night, declaring in reply to Mrs. F.'s remonstrances, that I was tired of being caged up, and meant to beat the prison down.

After this C. F. was brought to prison, charged with forgery; he and the other criminals agreed to give me twenty dollars if I would break the jail, so that they could escape. I undertook the business; and having got a bar of iron off the doorpost, which served for a crow-bar, I entered upon the

work at night when all was still. During the day one of the company feigned sick, and his bed concealed from the keeper the doings of the night. In three nights I had got through the wall, excepting one large stone, which I had not time to remove; I told the prisoners they must wait till the next night before we attempted to escape; but they were impatient, and in their efforts to remove the stone, they threw dirt out, which, dropping on the snow, showed plainly in the morning what we had been about. The criminals were then removed into an upper room, except C. F.; he was hoppled, and turned into my room. I then laid another plan to liberate C. F. His brother brought him a load of long wood; we got it into the hall, and at night, after all was still, I made a ladder of the wood, on which I mounted to the ceiling, tore off the lath, and commenced boring; but the timber was pine, and my auger would not take hold; and after labouring some time in vain, I came down, and bored about a hundred holes in the oak plank. In the morning after playing some pranks with the jailer, I showed him what I had been at, telling him at the same time, that if my auger had worked as well in the pine as it did in the oak, we should all have been uncaged before morning.

After this we laid another plan, in which we succeeded. C. F.'s wife and sisters, and one pretending to be his mother, came to pay him a visit the week before his trial was to

come on; his wife was to remain with him during the night. When night approached, and it began to be time for the visiters to depart, I took off his hopples, and dressed him in his pretended mother's clothes: and when matters were all arranged, I went and informed the keeper that C. F.'s mother and sisters wished to return. They were let out, and C. F. made his escape into Canada.

While I was on the limits, my father, who was my security, sold his farm; and fearing that, as he was no longer a freeholder, the sheriff would lock me up, I determined to be off; so I broke my limits, and marched away. I was proceeding leisurely along the road, singing as I went, when about a mile from town, I met a company of men, who persuaded me to go back; and I returned to my quarters. But finding the jailer was determined to lock me up, I seized on the opportunity afforded by his going for the key, and sprang out of the window, and made my escape. I went up to my brother-in-law's. My father, hearing that I had broken the limits, determined to take my life: as I was sitting, I happened to look out at the door, and saw my father approaching and within a few rods of the house, with a gun on his shoulder. I immediately leaped out of the window, and ran for my life; I knew not where to go. This happened in the month of December. I felt like an outcast, wandering about, and concealing myself in barns. This course of

exposure brought on a severe illness, and I was carried to the house of J. Wilkinson, where I lay in an upper room, and was given up by the physicians to die. My fever raged to such a degree, that I felt as if I should burn up. My eyes felt like balls of fire, and in this wretched state I felt no care for my poor soul, but was angry that the Lord did not take me out of my misery. After about ten days and nights of extreme suffering, I fell asleep, and dreamed that the blessed Jesus came riding toward me; he smiled as he turned about and handed me a small basket, bidding me to eat what was in it; he then rode away. His hair hung down his neck like streams of gold; I felt a love for him, and wanted to go with him. I looked into the basket, and found small cakes about the size of a dollar; I broke one, and put it into my mouth; it dissolved, and became pure water, and ran down upon my bosom. Nothing but the love of God could give sensations like those I then experienced. I immediately awoke, my fever and headache were all gone. I soon dropped into a slumber again, and dreamed that I was dead, and laid in my coffin, and that the people carried me to the grave. I saw the grave open: I was placed upon the earth thrown out of the grave; while they were preparing to let me down into the grave I was brought to life, and rose up out of my coffiin; and as my feet struck the ground, the sun, moon, and stars appear-

ed over my head, and so near that I could reach them with my hand. All nature was clothed in such dazzling splendour, that I was in an ecstacy of delight; and leaping up, and clapping my hands together, and shouting, "Glory to God!" I waked myself up. My eyes were now opened, and I felt thankful to the Lord that he had not taken me out of the world: for I felt assured, that if I had died then, I must have gone to hell. I then solemnly promised that if the Lord would spare me, I would lead a new life. In the morning I left my bed, and took my seat by the fire; and casting my eyes on the mantelpiece, I saw a book; I took it down, and found that it was John Bunyan's Vision of Heaven and Hell. I read, and my heart was affected, and my tears flowed freely. In about two weeks I walked up to my brother-in-law's. In the evening J. F. and his wife called on me, and talked about their mother having experienced religion, and professing to know that God had forgiven her sins. I thought if one could know it, all might, as Christ died for all: and I immediately resolved that I would try and know it for myself.

One of my cousins had moved to Niskayuna. He had been a great enemy to the Methodists, but after moving to that place he and his family had joinedthem, so I concluded that was the place to which I ought to go, as I could not with safety remain where I was. Accordingly, on the 3d of February, I left my wife and

children to the mercy of their friends; took my kit upon my back, and without a cent of money in my pocket started for Niskayuna. I concluded my cousins would not have joined a people they once abhorred, unless something more than nature had moved them. On Monday I reached Livingston's Manor; as I had no money I tried to get a night's lodging in a private house, but could not; the people were all Dutch, and seemed shy of me. I inquired if there were any English in the neighbourhood, and was informed that a Mr. A. lived about a mile off. I travelled on and found the house; here I was kindly received and furnished with supper and a bed; in the night I waked up, and was so sore and lame by travelling that I could not turn myself in the bed in the morning. I told Mr. A. that I could not travel, and proposed that he should get some leather and let me make him up some boots—to this he agreed; and the people, liking my work, kept me employed in the neighbourhood from the 6th of February to the 17th of March, which was my birthday. I then started on my journey again, having about twelve dollars in money; in the course of the day I stepped into a tavern and took a glass of bitters; it flew into my head and unmanned me. This was on the Sabbath. I came to myself on Monday morning, and was in deep distress; on Tuesday night I lay alone in a room, expecting every moment to be carried off by devils, with which the room

seemed to be filled. I began to pray and found some relief; in the morning I started on my journey again, having only one shilling and seven pence: what had become of the rest of my money I could not tell. When I came to Hudson I thought it would be best to stop awhile and work at my trade, and clothe myself more decently before I went among my relatives. I accordingly left my kit at a house and called on a Mr. P., who agreed to employ me; I returned for my bundle, but before I reached Mr. P.'s again I was seized with such awful sensations that all the wealth of Hudson would not have induced me to remain. I felt as if a fire was burning between my bones and flesh. I left Hudson immediately, and reached Albany on Thursday; there I found some Methodist friends who took me in their sleigh to Niskayuna. I stopped at the house of S. H. The next day Elias Vanderlip preached. I went to hear him; when he prayed, it seemed as if all his prayer was for me—and when he took his text and commenced preaching, I thought every word was meant for me; this seemed strange—I had only arrived here the night before, and I thought my friends had told the preacher all about my wicked life, and now the preacher was publishing it to the whole congregation: this did not appear to me to be doing exactly as they would be done by. I thought the eye of every person was on me. I sat trembling, the tears running down my face and falling on

the floor. I hardly knew what ailed me ; sometimes when the preacher raised his voice, one cried out "Amen," and another, "Glory to God;" this all seemed strange to me—after some reasoning in my mind, I concluded the people were sincere worshippers of God, and at the last prayer I fell upon my knees with them. When the meeting closed, I left the house, seeing myself as I never had before—I went home with my cousin. In the evening the people began to assemble : some came in sleighs, and some on foot; they soon began to sing and pray, and I kneeled with them during the last prayer, which was offered by S. H. I felt a sudden flash of happiness, and thought at the time it was an answer to his prayer, but it was soon gone ; I longed for its return, and thought if I could feel so all the time it would be enough, and I should be a happy man; I went out of the house and kneeled down in the snow, and prayed for that good feeling, but it came not. The next day, as I was walking along the road, I thought I would willingly kneel down in the road and pray, if I could but feel as I had felt the night before. I kneeled down and prayed, but I felt no better; when I rose from my knees, there was an old coloured man coming along the road with a fiddle on his back; I at first felt ashamed that he had seen me on my knees praying in the road, and was afraid he would tell of it, but I concluded he did not know me, and my shame and fear passed off.

I continued attending meetings and trying to be good, but I still remained unhappy. On Sabbath the 28th of March, I went to meeting and heard preaching; on my way back to my cousin's, it was suggested to my mind that I had sinned away my day of grace, and that there was no mercy for me; I began to feel as if it was really so, and that the Methodists thought so too, and did not want me with them. I recollected, too, that I had heard them often pray that "the stumbling blocks might be taken out of the way," and the devil, taking advantage of the state of my mind, led me to believe they meant me; and I thought if this was their wish in reference to me, I would go no more among them; but if my life was spared till Monday morning, I would take my kit and start for Quebec, and have my full swing in wickedness if I must go to hell at last. There was to be a prayer meeting at night: a little before sunset, as I sat by the fire, something seemed to say, "Well, you are not going to meeting to night;" the answer in my mind was short, "No!" then it was suggested, "You had better go, you know not what the Lord may do for you;" my purpose was immediately changed, I determined to go, and began to believe there was yet hope in my case; accordingly, when meeting time came I went. Brother Vanderlip was there. He stood up and cried out, "If there are any gospel-hardened sinners here, the Lord have mercy on them, for of all sinners their case is

the most deplorable." It appeared to me just as if the Lord Jesus stood before me and said, "Thou art the man;" except you repent hell will be your doom; I trembled exceedingly, and fell upon my knees, while mountains of darkness rolled in upon my poor soul. I thought I was about to sink into hell. Brother Vanderlip kneeled down by my side and exhorted me to pray, but it was all gloom; after struggling awhile with the powers of darkness, which all seemed let loose upon me, I tried to pray, and when I prayed, light and love and joy and peace flowed in upon my soul, and I rejoiced in God my Saviour; after meeting, I went home with my cousin, giving glory to God at every step; at first I was afraid to go to bed, lest I should fall asleep and lose my peace; at length I lay down and slept: I awoke early, dressed, and ran into the woods, and kneeled before the Lord in prayer, and the good Lord blessed me powerfully, and I was very happy. I made great reckoning of the prayer meeting to be held on Thursday night; when the time came I went, and found several Methodist preachers. One opened the meeting, another rose and exhorted the people to come forward and pray; I supposed he spoke to me, and thought if I did not go he would think I had not experienced religion; so I rose up, gave out a hymn in a very crooked way, kneeled down and began to pray. I had uttered but a few words, when the power of God came down upon me.

I could say nothing but "Glory!" preachers and people shouted aloud all round the house; from that time I have always had something to say for my Lord and Master in prayer meetings. I felt deeply impressed that the Lord had called me to warn sinners to repent and flee the wrath to come, and I began the work at once.

One night, while reading a book that had fallen in my way, I was convinced of the great need of holiness of heart; tears gushed from my eyes, I laid the book down, went out of the house, and kneeled in prayer behind a wood pile, and wrestled with the Lord for holiness of heart. For about three weeks I ate and slept but little. I could not work. I felt continually a sweet drawing of soul. Heavenly light increased—God's great mercy and unbounded goodness were ever before me. His love to me was great indeed, and I felt that I did not love him as I ought in return. I had no fear, no condemnation, and yet I felt as if I should die if I could not feel that I loved the Lord with all my heart and with all my soul. I started to go to P. C.'s. I took a foot path through the pine woods: on my way I kneeled beside the path in secret prayer. While I was praying, it seemed to me as if a person walked back and forth near me, but thinking it a temptation of the devil to distract my mind, I kept praying: then something ran around me among the leaves and touched my coat. I thought the devil had come and was

determined to interrupt me, and I broke out aloud in earnest prayer, and continued till I heard no noise among the leaves; I then opened my eyes, and looking around, saw a woman on her knees, and a little dog by her, which had been running about and touching my coat while I prayed; I arose from my knees and hastened to Knox's house; I had not been there long before the woman came in, and said she was passing by me when I broke out in prayer, and hearing me, she went back and kneeled down a short distance behind me. I remained at K.'s that night; the next day was the Sabbath; in the morning as I sat by the fire, with my heart lifted up in prayer, all at once the glories of the world, with its cities and kingdoms, seemed spread out before me in all their beauty; the impression was so strong that it seemed a reality—I regarded it as a temptation of the devil to draw my heart away from God, and I called on the name of the Lord, and the illusion vanished; then I was assaulted again: a horrible oath seemed to come up from my heart, and struggle to escape from my lips; I clapped both hands to my mouth and held on with all my might, lifting my heart to God in prayer, and I gained the victory; I went out into the woods and prostrated myself on the ground, thinking I would not rise up until the Lord had given me the desire of my heart; presently it appeared to me, that I had been there so long that the meeting had been dismissed,

and I hastened to J. B.'s house, where the meeting was to be held, and when I got there I found none present but the family; I then saw it was a trick of the enemy; I at once resolved to go into the woods and remain there until the Lord had accomplished in me all the good pleasure of his will; accordingly I went, and coming to a large pine log I thought I would sit down and meditate on the sufferings of my blessed Saviour; as I was in the act of sitting down, a bright sheet of glory fell upon me, and these words seemed to be spoken to me, "Be a child of mine and I will be a father unto thee, and thou shalt see where thou art to dwell." Whether in the body or out of the body, the Lord knows, but it appeared to me that if I had been taken right up into glory, I could not have been happier than I was then; the Lord Jesus revealed himself to me as my Saviour from all sin; his side was open, and the purple stream flowed freely and my soul bathed in the cleansing fountain, like a dove by the sea shore; then Lot's wife was brought to my view, and the words of Jesus when he said, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God;" after this, the heavens seemed to open, and I saw there my mother who died when I was a little boy, in shining glory, and beyond her, innumerable angels in robes of golden light.

When I came to myself, I was sitting erect upon the log, but an angel tongue could not

describe the bliss and glory that my soul and body felt. I left the place, and went to the house where meeting was to be held, the people were collecting—my soul was so filled with the love of God, and with love to my fellow-men, that I could look on no one without tears gushing from my eyes; each one seemed like an immortal being for whom Christ wept and groaned, and bled and died. I took brother Vanderlip aside, and begged him to let me exhort the people after he had finished preaching; but he refused, and said I was crazy. I know not how I appeared to him and others, but "bless the Lord, O my soul," I felt as if I had just come to my right mind. I was tempted by the devil to keep my late experience of God's wonderful mercy to myself: he told me that the people would not believe it although it was the truth, and the sin of their unbelief be chargeable to me; but at the first meeting I attended, I told it all, and J. W. and his mother believed my testimony, and before I left the place, they both experienced the blessing of perfect love.

I now felt it my duty to return to Dutchess county, and asked for a certificate, but they did not think proper to give me one. I had obtained such a wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost, I was so full of the love, and fire, and power of God, and my mind so transported with heaven, by raptures, that I was constrained almost always while in meeting, and especially when I was exercising, to give

vent to my feelings, by praising my blessed Saviour aloud: thus my dear good Methodist friends had got into the notion that I was crazy. They were wonderfully afraid that I should not hold on long, and though they thought it would do well enough for them to bear with what they thought to be my weakness, yet they could not be persuaded to give me a certificate of membership, and send me off among strangers. But, glory to God, I had just come to my right mind; I was as rational and as happy as a little angel. Yes! some of them had their pride considerably mortified: they wanted to appear respectable in the eyes of the world. I made such a dreadful time of it, according to their notions, whenever I prayed, or exercised. I hallooed so loud it would frighten the devil's children. They felt ashamed of me; and some were afraid the cause of God would be injured rather than receive advantage by my public exercises. But bless the Lord, I was as happy and as humble as a little disciple of Jesus could be. I was sorry to see my brethren in so much trouble on my account; but none of their doings disturbed me in my course. I knew that my Master Jesus called me to exercise in that way, and as an evidence of it he was with me every moment; and his smile kindled up such a flame of glory in my soul that all the opposition of my dear friends could not put it out, I knew that I was powerfully operated upon by some supernatural influence, and that

it was not the devil; because, though he could imitate many things in religion, and, when it suited his purpose, feign to be a great Christian; yet he could not counterfeit love, and fill my soul full of love to God and all his creatures, and make me so good natured as I felt all the time: so I said, "Well, if I could not have a certificate that I belonged to the Methodist Church, glory to God! they could not take from me the blessed privilege of loving God and my brethren, and of having in my heart the witness of the Spirit that I was his child. I concluded that was a living certificate, signed by the great Head of the Church; and though it might be disputed here by my brethren, it would go well enough by and by. And what was better than all, neither my brethren, the world, nor the devil, could take it away from me, for I had it deep in my heart; and though my dear brethren refused to acknowledge me while God blessed me so, and converted and sanctified souls through my humble instrumentality, I was resolved to go on. So I stayed two or three weeks there, and worked at my trade; and the brethren thought a little better of me, and concluded, though I might be a little too noisy in my exercises, yet as I was so very good-natured that I would not hurt any body, that they would give me a certificate, and let me go abroad. So I obtained my paper and started, and went to Pittstown to visit a brother. I found that the people who

had caused my confinement in jail, had removed to this neighbourhood. I called at their houses, and told them that God had forgiven me all my sins; and solemnly warned them of their danger, and exhorted them to repent. After this, I had a meeting in my brother's barn, and some of these people attended. I had great liberty in speaking; my brother and his wife experienced religion, and some of my former enemies too found the "pearl of great price."

I went into the neighbourhood of the Millers, who used to live in Whiteplains. They told me that Lorenzo Dow was to preach the next day, which was Sabbath; his appointment was about twelve miles distant. In the morning a number of us started on foot to hear him. Soon after we arrived Dow came, and preached from these words, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." While he preached, the Lord blessed me in such a wonderful manner, that I shouted aloud. After he had finished his sermon, he came to me and wanted to know who I was, and where I came from; I told him. "Now," said he, "you must meet me next Tuesday at 10 o'clock, in Troy, and we will scour the city." Accordingly on Tuesday morning, after I had breakfasted, and prayed with my brother and his family, I started for Troy; I prayed in every house on the road for about six miles. When I arrived, I could see nothing of Dow, but being

full of zeal I entered the stores and dwellings, exhorting all that came in my way; I went into a baker's shop, the woman was sitting alone, her husband came in, and I prayed with them, and rising up, I began to exhort them; the man said, "What in God's name is coming to pass? there was a man here a little while ago, with a handkerchief tied on his head, who talked just as you do." I told them that God was going to thunder them down to hell, if they did not repent. I left him and went on, till I came to a company of men under arms; I begged their attention; they all took off their hats, and I exhorted them; when I got through they thanked me. I then went into the prison, and exhorted the prisoners, and prayed for them; and spent the rest of the day in going from house to house; at night I found Dow, and heard him preach again. At this time there were only two Methodists in Troy, old father Curtis and his wife. The next morning I started, in company with Dow, to scour Albany. After we had proceeded about a mile and a half, I began to be sorely tempted of the devil, to be ashamed of the course I had pursued in Troy. He told me if I went back there the people would set on me with hoop poles, and drive me from the city; he tried to persuade me that the friends in Niskayuna would hear of my conduct before I got there, and turn me out of their houses; my mind became depressed, and the devil told me I was a poor

deluded creature; but I resolved that if I was deluded, and still in the way to hell, I would go over every inch of the ground praying for light; I was sure I had met with a great change, for I used to hate my enemies and I was afraid to die: now I loved my enemies, and the fear of death was gone. I took courage and began to pray, and the Lord heard me, and came to my deliverance, and blessed me powerfully. When we came to Albany, Dow took one street and I took another; we spent the day in warning the people from house to house; no one opposed me except one man: he was cutting wood when I began to exhort him; he threatened to knock my brains out with his axe; I told him I had the advantage of him, for I loved him, and would pray for him.

At night Dow preached in the Methodist meeting-house; his discourse was concerning Jacob and Esau; when he finished his sermon, he told the people that if they were not satisfied with the proof he had advanced, that Esau was no reprobate, in the Calvinistic sense of that term, he could bring many more passages to prove it. We remained in Albany that night; the next morning I accompanied Dow to the boat, and took my farewell of him. I then went to the patroon's house, and knocked: he came to the door; after bidding him good morning, I told him I had a message from God to him, I delivered it: he thanked me, and I left him. I then went to

Niskayuna: the people were all glad to see me; I remained with them about ten days, and they gave me a certificate. Word came to the place that Dow was to preach again in Albany. P. N., and F., a local preacher, and myself, went to hear him; after meeting we got into our wagon, and proceeded on our way about a mile, when the Lord blessed me wonderfully, and I could not refrain from laughing; I made an effort to cease, but could not; it seemed as if my neck would unjoint; presently the same affection seized P. N. and F. We drove up to the barn, and waited there until it passed off. The next night, at prayer-meeting, I was affected in the same manner again, and so were all in the house, except one woman. I was happy, and all appeared to be in the same delightful frame of mind.

The next day I took my leave of this good people, and started for quarterly meeting, about fifty miles distant. The weather was very showery, and the water running in the road, so I took off my shoes, and tramped on barefoot, and arrived safely. The meeting was held in a barn; on Sabbath morning a love-feast was held; during the prayer the power of the Lord came upon me, and I shouted aloud; two men fell to the floor. We had a good love-feast; when they took up the collection I threw in every cent I had. I felt as if I owed all, under God, to the Methodist preachers, who had been instrumental in plucking me, as a brand from the burning.

The preaching was to be in the grove; I waited until the people had all gone to the grove, and then I followed on; I was assured that I should have a great meeting; when I got there, brother Hutchinson was preaching Dow and J. Mitchel were sitting in the wagon; I stood and heard, and the power of the Lord came upon me in such a manner that I fell to the earth; the people came to me, took off my cravat, unbuttoned my vest, and fanned me; I heard all that was said: the Scriptures opened to me as they never did before. I was happy, but my strength was gone; when I had partially recovered myself I got up, and was led through the congregation, clapping my hands, and shouting glory! the people fell all through the congregation, like men slain in battle. Some of the Methodists thought I was possessed of a devil, because of the confusion I had made, and no one asked me into his house. I went into the barn, and lay down on the straw, as happy in my soul and body as I could live.

In the morning I arose, took my bundle and started on; I stopped in a house and exhorted them to seek religion, and sang and prayed with them; they asked me if I had been to breakfast. I told them no, nor to supper nor to dinner either; so they gave me my breakfast and I went on: between daylight and dark I came to a house and went in, and began to talk about Jesus; the people were good Presbyterians: the old lady ordered her girls

to get me some supper; after which, we had a good time in singing and prayer; I remained all night, and after breakfast I journeyed on. I let none pass me without warning them to "flee the wrath to come," except one wagon load, which I met descending a steep hill; thus I travelled on about a hundred miles, without a cent of money in my pocket; one man told me I was a blasphemer, and ought to be put in jail and kept there, because I said, "I knew that God for Christ's sake had forgiven me my sins."

On the 3d of July, I got down into Beekmantown, and it appeared to me that angels accompanied me during all my journey: I found my wife on Saturday; the next day I went to meeting to S. B'.s I prayed and exhorted, and had a good time. U. F. was there, and when he got home he told the people that James Horton was at meeting and prayed and exhorted; his old aunt S. C. said, "What, that old drunken Jim Horton that used to be in jail? that surely cannot be;" he told her that I would be there again next Sabbath, and that she must go and see and hear for herself. The next Sabbath she came, and after meeting she told brother F. it was not the same man, for Jim Horton was a drunken, homely man; but this one was a very good looking man; after meeting, I went to see three of my brothers. I began to exhort them, and they laughed at me, so I thought I would try what prayer would do, and I fell upon my knees—

my soul was so happy in God, that it was some time before I could pray; when I rose from my knees the spirit of laughter had left them, and they were serious—that night my youngest brother was powerfully awakened, and on Wednesday afternoon he experienced religion.

I now got my wife and children together—moved into a little log house, and went to work at my trade; here I was very happy. I held meetings around the country, and God awakened and converted sinners.

One day I left home to go eastward, in search of a more comfortable house; I was powerfully impressed that it was my duty to go over the river, and believing that God had work for me to do there, I started that way: I had fourteen miles to go, and it was late, and fearing I should not be in season to cross the ferry, I ran part of the way and came to the river about dusk, and just in time to get on board the boat. When I got across the river, I inquired if there would be meeting that evening in the neighbourhood, and was told there was to be one at A.'s, about a mile up the hill; I hastened to the place and found a room full of people. I began to sing, and after singing, kneeled down and prayed; the power of the Lord was displayed among the people, and sinners began to cry for mercy; I went to one young woman and directed her to look to Jesus—she fell upon her knees—we prayed with her, and the Lord blessed her soul, and

she shouted aloud. I went to another and prayed with her, and she was soon brought into liberty—and thus in a short time five were converted. At this time, Elijah Woolsey came in—I had never seen him before, he was pleased with the meeting. A meeting was appointed for the next evening at brother D.'s. The young woman first converted, I went to her brother's house praising the Lord, and telling them what good things God had done for her; her brother, who had gone to bed, sprang up, dressed hastily, and ran over to his father's, and told the family that his sister had been to Methodist meeting, and the Methodists had bewitched her; they sent the wagon and horses after her, and would not suffer her to attend our next meeting; at this meeting we had a great time; an old Quaker woman and her daughter experienced religion; two young men started to go to a ball—the Lord met them on the way—they turned about and came to the meeting, and were both converted; at this meeting, eight experienced a change of heart; after meeting, while sitting by the fire, I felt it impressed on my mind that I must go and deliver a message from the Lord to the parents of the young woman who, since her conversion, had been kept away from our meetings; accordingly, in the morning, I proceeded to the house, about a mile from where I put up. When I came to the door, the old lady was sweeping, she ordered me away: as I did not readily

obey, she raised her broomstick, called me many hard names, and threatened to beat out my brains with her broom if I attempted to come in, and declared that we had ruined her daughter; I told her I had a message from God to deliver, and kept stepping forward till I got into the house, the old lady all the time threatening and calling hard names; and when all would not do, she said she would go and call her husband; I told her that was right, for I had a message for the old gentleman too, so away she ran; while she was gone, I conversed with the young woman, and found she was happy in religion, and determined to persevere in the good way; presently the old lady returned, bringing with her her husband and four other men; I stood my ground in the middle of the floor; the old gentleman ordered me out, but I kept on talking; presently the men took chairs and sat down, the old lady's patience was all gone, and she complained that her husband did not put me out of the house, calling me hard names; the old gentleman told her to be silent and let me alone, saying at the same time that what I said was all very well, and he liked to hear it. Then I had fair sailing; when I finished speaking, I prayed with them; after prayer the old gentleman gave me a pipe of tobacco, and I sat down and had a peaceable smoke; after I had left them, and got a quarter of a mile on my way, they sent after me to know where I was to hold meeting,

and being informed, a wagon load of them came that evening; the meeting was held at brother M.'s, near the river; more people came than could get into the house; I commenced meeting, and had not spoken a great while before a man who stood in the door cried out, "Why don't you talk to some of the rest, and not talk all the time to me?" I said to him, "I did not know you were there, but if the coat suits you put it on, and wear it and be thankful; and now I will try to fit some of the rest." I had a good season. The next day I started for home; met P. O. and his wife in a chaise. I exhorted them to seek the Lord; came to the house of my brother-in-law W. B. in the night; his wife ordered me out of the house; a family in another part of the house kindly entertained me; I had prayer with them, and prayed for the woman in the other room; afterward, this woman desired me to hold meeting in her room; I did so; and both she and her husband experienced religion and joined the society. I attended another meeting at the house of M. S., and he and his wife were converted. I had another appointment there for Friday night. On Friday morning, I was informed of a scandalous report in circulation about me; I knew it was false, yet it troubled me sorely; I began to fear my usefulness was at an end, and I was tempted not to go to my appointment; I had to go to Mr. B.'s, to do some work; when I got there, he was from home; I felt

very unhappy, and sat down by the fire weeping and mourning. I was led to look into the Bible, and read part of the 15th chapter of Jeremiah; at the 15th verse, my soul was comforted; I was sure the Lord had directed me to this part of his holy word; I dried up my tears, and with a happy soul I went leaping over the hills and mountains to my appointment. I had a wonderfully good season; and from that day to this, the mouths of all my enemies were shut against me.

The next spring, S. moved up to High Barney Mills, in Dutchess county; he was taken ill with the consumption and sent for me to come up and hold meeting at his house; I went and had a good time; I left another appointment and returned home; the distance was about 14 miles. On Sabbath morning I started on foot, and went crying along the road; the Lord had blessed my labours, and I believed he would do great things for us that day, and I was troubled with a fear lest I should grow proud of my success, but the desire of my heart was to sink down into the depths of humility. When I got to my appointment, the people were collected; I commenced meeting, and theLord was with us of a truth—about fifteen were awakened. I then started for squire C.'s; he was an old Methodist; I went on my way weeping, the devil telling me that my mouth would be shut; I knew that I was a poor illiterate creature, and I had my fears about stand-

ing up before the old squire. When I got there, a large roomful of people had assembled, and the squire sat before me; I gave out my hymn and prayed; I arose from my knees and went to work in the name of the Lord; my soul was filled with peace, and I had a good time. There were at the meeting two young ladies from New York; and while I was exercising, my soul was so happy and so full of the love of God, that it seemed to me my whole body streamed in a blaze of light and glory. I returned home happy, and went to work making and mending boots and shoes; I kept close at it for two weeks; on Saturday afternoon I went to Smith's, and on the way I called at G.'s, at whose request I left an appointment at his house for Sabbath evening; after filling my other appointment on Sabbath, I returned to G.'s; there was a large roomful of people present, and a number of Quakers came out to hear me; they thought it very strange that a man as wicked as I had been should experience religion, and go to preaching as suddenly as I had; I took my stand in the south-west corner of the room, sung, prayed, and a passage of Scripture came to mind which I took for my text; and the Lord gave me liberty. In the course of my remarks, I was led to trace the character of a wicked young man, and described his conduct to his parents in such a manner that the people fixed the description upon one who was present; I did not know

there was such a one in the neighbourhood but my mind was impressed in a peculiar manner to speak as I did, and solemnly to warn such a one to prepare to meet his God; at first, I hesitated, as there were some young men behaving improperly; I thought they might suppose I wanted to expose them; but the impression returned with such force that I was constrained to speak out; and I warned such a person that if he did not repent speedily, some awful judgment would fall upon him, and he would be hurried into eternity to answer for the deeds done in the body. I closed my meeting, and appointed one for the next Sabbath at a house a short distance off, and more convenient for meeting; I attended this meeting, and had another appointment at three o'clock at the house of J. B., whose wife was sick; after the first meeting, a young woman came to me and begged me not to go to my afternoon's appointment, as the young men who were at the meeting the Sabbath evening before had resolved to waylay me, and tie me to a tree and whip me all but to death; I told her I should go to the appointment if the Lord spared my life; and I felt assured that He who preserved Daniel in the lion's den, and the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, would go with me and defend me. I went on leaping through the woods, not fearing my enemies, and reached my appointment in safety; soon after I arrived, a young woman came in, and taking her seat by me, asked me

if I had heard how fearfully my words uttered last Sabbath evening had come to pass. I told her I had not: she then informed me that the young man to whom the people applied my warning was killed the night before, and his wicked young companions were invited to his funeral this morning; the Quakers who were present at the meeting said, "James is a true prophet;" I returned home and worked at my trade that week. The next Sabbath, I went up to Smith's, and found a number that were awakened when I was there last, now happy in the Lord; here I remained a week, and a number more experienced religion. A quarterly meeting was to be held at Amenia, where there had never been one before; I was urged by the friends to go up with them; so I went in a wagon with J. P.'s children. Father Garrettson was presiding elder; the meeting was held in a Baptist church, near T. J.'s. Father Garrettson preached wonderfully good on Saturday, and the Lord blessed me; I had to hold in with all my might to keep from shouting aloud; but in spite of my efforts some leaked out; as soon as meeting was ended, I ran out of the door and across the field, and gave vent to my feelings. I was afterward told that some of the folks said that if that was religion, they did not want it. We had a good love-feast on Sunday morning; I spent the night at P. P.'s; the next morning F. P.'s wife came to the house; her cap was so trimmed

off with ribands, that I took occasion to speak to her about the salvation of her soul; she was very angry, as she afterward told me; though at the time she concealed it; the next day I visited the house and took dinner with the family and prayed with them; on leaving, I shook hands with her and her husband, and told them I pitied them, and should pray for them; they were deists.

The next quarterly meeting was at Rhinebeck, in Father Garrettson's church; I went to it, I had no sooner got off my horse, and hitched him, than I saw a man and woman running toward me; these were F. P. and his wife: they were both happy in the Lord. They then told me how they once hated me, but now they loved me. At night we had a prayer-meeting in the meeting-house; after two of the brethren had prayed, I went forward to the chair and prayed; before I had time to rise, a brother stepped between me and the chair, and I was cut off from exhorting. After meeting closed I got upon the door sill, and seeing a great many people, my heart was drawn out in love to them, and I thought I would speak a little to them in a loving and moderate way. I opened my mouth, spoke a few words, and it seemed as if heaven had come down into my soul; and instead of being moderate, as I intended to be, my voice seemed like thunder; I went to my lodgings, shouting the praises of God. The next morning some of the members re-

proved me for shouting, and I exhorted them to get more religion.

On the Sabbath Bishop Asbury preached in the orchard, from Matthew ix, 27, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us," and the Lord was in the midst of the people; I returned home from the meeting happy in the Lord.

Soon after this I started for White Plains, on business. On my way the Lord was with me, and blessed me in such a manner that I could hardly sit on my horse; I got out of the way, and fell in with D. W., a local preacher, who directed me to his house, where I took breakfast; this was in North-castle. I then went on to uncle J.'s, and found they had gone to the house of uncle C. H. to attend a funeral. I left my horse and went over on foot; here I met with A. M., and R. M., and A. D. I inquired of them if they were going to have a meeting, and found that uncle C. H. objected to it. I took him aside and told him we must have a meeting; he at last consented, but charged us to be moderate, he was a churchman. We held meeting, and had a precious season; the next night we had a prayer-meeting at R. M.'s; I told my experience, and I was overpowered by the presence of the Lord three times before I got through.

On my return home I called on D. W.; he prevailed on me to stay over the Sabbath, and accompany him to Bedford Purchase, where

he had an appointment; he preached and I followed with an exhortation; the power of the Lord came down upon us, sinners wept and trembled, and some ran out of the house; one young woman cried aloud as she went out; I prevailed on her to come back; she experienced religion. This meeting was held at old sister H.'s. I left an appointment for Tuesday night at the house of sister C. S.; in the afternoon we had meeting at sister O.'s. On Monday night, while thinking about my appointment for the next night, I concluded there would be many people out to hear, and it was time for me to find a passage of Scripture to speak from, that I might meditate upon it, and get ready for my work; but I soon gave it up, believing that the Lord would give me something for the people in due time; toward night on Tuesday, I started for my appointment, and got there a little before sundown, turned my horse into the meadow, entered the house, and went directly into a little room and prayed; when I arose from my knees, the power of the Lord came upon me, and for an hour it appeared to me that I did not breathe any more than if I was dead; I could not stir a joint, but was as happy as I could well be in body. I could hear the people gathering together, but I concluded I should not be able to speak to them; but my bodily strength was restored to me, and I got up, threw off my coat and vest, and shoes, and commenced; two rooms were filled

with the people, and there were backsliders all around me; the Scriptures were unfolded to me in a wonderful manner; all I had to do was to open my mouth, and the Lord filled it with words that went to the heart. Backsliders fell, and the house was filled with groans and cries for mercy; the people informed me afterward that I went around the rooms, but I was not conscious of doing so. The people went home astonished at what they heard and saw; brother John Wilson was on that circuit at the time.

The following morning, before light, I mounted my horse and started for home; when I got home I went to work at my trade, and continued at it about six weeks; at the expiration of this time, I arose one morning, with my mind much exercised; I went into the field in much distress, I walked, and my exercise of mind increased until I began to run; and coming to a low spot of fence, I threw myself across it, and prayed that God would show me his will, and direct me in the right way; I felt it impressed on my mind that I must go back to Bedford Purchase; and when I determined to go, I felt happy. I now thought if I could procure a cow I could leave my family in more comfortable circumstances, but I knew not how to accomplish it. I did not like to call on the brethren for one, and I was too poor to raise the money necessary to buy one: I at length went to J. F.'s and told him what I wanted, and what my cir-

cumstances were; he generously told me I should have a cow to take home with me, and if I was ever able, I might pay for it, and if not, I was welcome to it. I then went to S. T.'s, and as my clothes were very poor, he trusted me for some cloth; and I returned and got my cow and drove her home. As soon as I got my clothes made, I started on foot for Bedford Purchase; when I got there I found Father Abbott's Journal, which proved a great help to me. I appointed a meeting at old brother G.'s; the friends said they must tie me up with a pair of leading lines to prevent my going through the congregation, as I did when there before; I told them I would leave that business with my Master; I continued holding meetings every night, and sometimes in the day, between three and four weeks, and the Lord was with me, souls were awakened and converted, and backsliders reclaimed.

Among the number reclaimed was T. W. He had experienced religion a number of years before, and felt that he was called to preach the gospel, but he had held back on the plea that he must first clear his little place of debt; when this was done, and his impressions were renewed, he wanted a little more land first, and when he had got the land and paid for it, then his house wanted rebuilding; and when he had got all this done, then he could not leave his comfortable home. At length the Lord withdrew his Spirit from him, and he became

incapable of enjoying, or even taking care of his place; a part of the time he ran wild in the woods; after some years he became rational, and attended meeting; and at the meeting at sister C. S.'s he and J. H., and his brother, were reclaimed; but poor T. W., although once very gifted in prayer, had lost his gifts beyond recovery.

Among those that experienced religion, at this time, was E. M.; he was a deist, yet he attended my appointments, and the Spirit of the Lord took hold of him, and he was soundly converted; he afterward told me that he had been at a great many meetings, but was not much afflicted by them, until he heard me speak; as soon as I began, he was seized with trembling, and could not shake it off. At this time W. H.'s son was powerfully awakened he took to his bed and lay there some days; his father was so enraged at me on account of it, that he swore he would beat out my brains with his axe; of this I was not informed till some time after. I was one day passing his house, and concluded to call; as I went toward the door, I perceived he had been digging a well in a rock. I said to him, "Why, my dear, you have had a hard job of it, in digging a well through a solid rock." He said it was so, but he had come to a vein of good water; I told him then that he ought to be thankful to the good Lord, who had caused that beautiful stream to run through the rock. He invited me in,

and I sung and prayed with them. His son then lay in the bed; the Lord was with us. He then, to relieve me from walking all around the country to my appointments, offered me the use of a young horse. I thanked him, but declined his offer, telling him that I found it more convenient to be on foot, for I could visit all the houses I saw from the road, without the trouble of letting down bars, and opening gates; a few days after this his son experienced religion, and it was not long before he himself, and one or two of his daughters were converted.

After this I held a meeting at the house of brother H. near Croton, and as I was speaking from these words, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," a couple of stout men entered the room, and one of them came up to me and put his fist in my face, calling me a liar, and bidding me hold my tongue; I requested him to take a seat, the people rose up to seize him and put him out. I begged them to let him alone, assuring them that he could not disturb me; my soul was full of glory and of God; and without premeditation on my part, I was led to say something to this wicked man that looked somewhat like a prophecy; a school master from Cherry street in the town of Bedford, who was a bold deist, was present, and noted down what I said, declaring that if it came to pass upon the man he

would believe in revelation. It did come to pass in a few days; but the deist remained an infidel. The next night I had a meeting at the house of sister C. S., which was my last meeting in the place, and a glorious meeting it was.

I went home with K., who, with his wife, had lately experienced religion. T. S. was there. K.'s wife was the adopted daughter of T. S., who had been an opposer of the Methodists, but was awakened. In the morning after breakfast and a parting prayer with the family, I started for home, stopping at the house of W. S. Just as I was kneeling for prayer, T. S. came in; I stopped at several houses, and T. S. followed me, and had a mind to talk all the way home with me, which was between 40 and 50 miles. I dissuaded him from the undertaking, telling him that God was everywhere present; after exhorting him to persevere in seeking the salvation of his soul, and promising to pray for him, we parted: he soon after found the pearl of great price. I have been with him since at camp-meeting, and found him engaged in religion; in 1836 he died in the triumphs of faith.

I reached home in safety, and found my wife and children all well. I went to work at my trade, and got something together for my family to live on; I then started on foot for White Plains to visit my friends. On my way stopped at Bedford Purchase, and held meeting at sister C. S.'s; after meeting I

was informed that G. H., the person who attempted to interrupt me while speaking at a meeting at brother H.'s, was deranged, and had attempted to drown himself in Croton river; he was, however, prevented, and was now confined; I told them I believed he was under conviction for sin, and I should visit him; they attempted to dissuade me, but I was resolved to go, and accordingly went; they would neither go with me, nor show me the way. I found the house, and told the woman who came to the door what my business was; she showed me the room where he was confined. I looked in at the hole in the door; he no sooner saw me than he began to weep and beg my pardon for his conduct. I told him I had nothing in my heart toward him but love, and that he must look to God for pardon, for it was against him he had sinned; he was anxious to come out, so I went to his brother and asked him to liberate him; he was afraid to comply with my request; I told him what I thought ailed him, and he accompanied me to the room, and finding that he was rational, let him out. I took him into a room, and read several chapters in the Bible, which I thought most suitable to his case: he sat and wept. I then sung a hymn, and he sung with me; we then kneeled down together, and prayed; I had great liberty in praying for him; we then parted. Not long after, he experienced religion, became very pious, and joined the Presbyterian Church. After

being a member some years, his head got puzzled with the doctrines of unconditional election and reprobation, he lost his reason, and hanged himself.

I went to White Plains, visited my friends, and proceeded to North Castle, held meeting at the house of widow S., and had a good season. The next Monday I started again, called in at a house, and exhorted a woman and a girl, and prayed with them; they were both awakened. When the man of the house came home he was exceedingly mad against me, and threatened my life if I came to his house again. I went to young R. M.'s, and held meeting at his house near the church in North Castle, King-street; held meeting also at the house of J. L.'s father. Brother M. and myself held a meeting at the house of brother J. H.; after I had exhorted some time, a man in the congregation said, "Sit down, you have spoken enough;" so I sat down, and brother M. got up and exhorted. He had not talked long before D. W. jumped up in the congregation and said to him, "You are enough to scare the devil," and out of the house he ran, and started for home in great haste, leaving his wife at the meeting; he ran all the way, fearing every step that the devil would take him off bodily; when he got home he burst open the door, and finding no one in the house, his alarm increased, nor did he find relief till he experienced religion.

After this, I had meeting at the house of J. F. in a large hall. I spoke from these words: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation for them which are in Christ Jesus, &c." While speaking, a tall slender man came in, followed by a large man; the tall man came up to me, shook his loaded whip over my head, and ordered me to hold my tongue; I fell upon my knees and prayed for him; the brethren all the while fearing from his actions that he would strike me; when I rose from my knees, he took my chair, sat down by me, and paid great attention to what I said; after I closed the meeting, he told me to go on, for he believed God had called me to the work; the two men went home after the meeting, and the large man was so powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit of God, that he alarmed the neighbourhood with his cries for mercy; after a while, B., the tall man, who threatened me with his whip, was brought upon his death-bed; his father-in-law informed me, that his screeches were terrifying; his impression was, that the devil was before him, and about to take him off bodily; some of the Methodists visited him, and exhorted him to look to Jesus, and prayed with him; he professed after a time to find pardon, and it was believed that he died in peace.

I had meeting on the Sabbath at the house of brother B.'s father; I spoke from these words: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee," &c.; the good Lord was with us; at

times I was so filled with the presence and blessing of the Lord, that I could with difficulty speak, and the congregation were deeply affected—brother B. afterward became a travelling preacher; at night, held meeting at the house of brother J. H.—had a glorious season; I was so happy after meeting, that sleep departed from me. It appeared to me that I could hear the angels around me singing the praises of God—heaven seemed to be open in all its immortal beauty before me; and the Scriptures, like a sea of glory, were spread out before me; this very happy frame of mind continued for ten weeks and three days; and in all that time it appeared to me that I did not sleep six nights; I was at one time fearful that the loss of sleep, and constant heavenly ecstasy, would destroy my health—but I was never in better health; and during this time I travelled through a great portion of Westchester county; I fell in company with J. C., one of the travelling preachers, and went with him to his appointments; and gracious and glorious times we had. Brother C. had an appointment at the house of brother B., about a mile out of Tarrytown, in the evening; at this time, I was frequently called by the people crazy Horton; brother M., hearing that I was with brother C., came up in the afternoon to arrange matters and things; so he planned it that C. should preach, then he would exhort, and crazy Horton might conclude with prayer. The people assembled;

and brother C. took for his text, Psalm cxlvi, 8, "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous." Brother M. and myself sat behind him in a small room; when brother C. had got about half through, brother M. told me that as soon as he finished I must get up and exhort: I began to pray—and as soon as brother C. had finished, I was ready for the work; I began, and the power of the Lord came down upon us. Brothers M. and C. began to shout and clap their hands, and the people in the room were on the wing; some ran out of the house; I had to moderate, and beg the people to come back, assuring them that I would not hurt them, that I felt nothing but love for them; some returned, and others went home. Brother M. closed with prayer.

The next day we went down to Tarrytown, intending to hold meeting there, but could get no place; the people seemed afraid of us; we went to Philip's mill, where we had a precious meeting that evening; went home with a brother, and in family prayer, a young lady from New-York who was there cried aloud for mercy, and found the "pearl of great price;" the next day we dined with a brother East, of Kingsbridge, and from thence I went to New-York, and put up with J. C. The next day I accompanied sister C. to the house of brother J., near the Duane-street church; after we had been there awhile, the friends

came pouring in, and they would have me sing for them; we had a comfortable time. This was my first visit to New-York since I experienced religion. When we sat down to tea I felt rather awkward; and in endeavouring to be a little polite after the city custom, I unfortunately upset my cup of tea; I apologized as well as I could, telling the friends I was brought up in the woods, and their way of taking tea was rather left-handed work to me; so they kindly permitted me to step into my old track, and I got along pretty well after that. I visited the poor-house in the city. In the upper room I found the most distressed objects that I ever met with; I began to exhort them, and they laughed in my face; so I kneeled down and prayed for them; when I finished, I found most of them were in tears; then I exhorted them again, and shook hands with them; there was one young man who had lost both hands and both feet—he had been shipwrecked; when I came to him, he caught my hand between his stumps and kissed it, and begged me to come again.

From New-York I returned to White Plains, and visited my friends; while there, brother R. M., and some other brethren, raised among them forty dollars, and bought a young horse for me, and furnished me with a saddle and bridle, and I started home well mounted. The people had been so kind, and the Lord so good to me, that I went on my way weeping. I fell in company with brother C., and went

with him to his appointment at North Salem; here the friends gave me a little money. We next proceeded to brother O.'s, near the big pond; there we had a great time—the house was large, and they moved their beds and furniture into the garret to make room for the people, some of whom came twelve and others fifteen miles to the meeting; after the public meeting, I usually went with the young converts to the house of brother G. and had prayer-meeting—we kept up these meetings every night for two weeks. I then started for home; on my way I began to think, what shall I do with my horse when I get there? I have no stable and no hay nor oats, and I was almost tempted to ride back and leave it with those who gave it to me. I wept that I was obliged to leave the work. When I got above Putnam Corner, night overtook me; I came to a house near the road, and finding an old man unloading a wagon, I asked for accommodations for the night; after consulting his wife, he consented; upon turning my horse in the meadow, I went in and sat by the fire while the old lady prepared supper; after supper, I asked the old man if ever he had experienced religion; he said, No. I began to exhort him to seek the Lord immediately; he at once unfurled the flag of election and reprobation, and made battle on me: I drew my old Jerusalem sword, well tempered in heavenly love, and wielded it for the defence of my Master's cause; while we were engaged in combat, a brother of the

old man came in, and hearingwhat we were at, heartily joined against me, and I had to stand my ground against them both; I at length told them we must have prayer; so I sung a few verses and prayed, and when I finished, I found the brother was weeping bitterly; we renewed the conversation, and the brother fell in with my views, and aided me in my attack on the old man's strong hold; we kept at it till about 10 o'clock, when several more came in, and I exhorted them and prayed with them; when I rose from my knees, I saw my congregation had increased, and they kept coming in; I knew not what to make of it, until I found out there was a "husking bee," and while I was singing and praying, the men heard me and came in to see what was the matter; at about 2 o'clock, the brother whose heart was touched insisted on my going home with him; I consented at last,—having satisfied the old man that I did not leave him through any disrespect to him; we did not reach his house until daylight, though it was but a mile off; his heart was tendered—he had buried his wife a few days before—and we stopped frequently on the road, while I exhorted him to look to the Lord; when we got into the house I began to sing, and his children soon came flocking into the room to see what was the matter; after singing, I prayed with them, and they wept much; after breakfast, the man pressed me to go with him to see a brother of his, who was eighty years of age, and a rigid

predestinarian ; so I went—and when I was introduced to the old man, I asked him if he had experienced religion ; he said, No. I asked him why he had not ; he replied that God's time had not come yet ; I told him that God's time would soon come with him, and that if he did not repent and get his soul washed in the atoning blood, he would be lost to all eternity ; I warned him against his sentiments, that were so dishonouring to the God of love, who had sworn by himself that he had no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; the old man quickly rose up from his chair ; I aimed my discourse at his heart, and his quivering chin and falling tears told that the word of exhortation had taken hold of him ; I sung and prayed with him. They urged me to stay and hold meeting with them, but I had been absent already from my family ten weeks and three days, and I felt it my duty to return home. After this, the brother who had lost his wife removed to the west, and a number of years afterward I met with a son and daughter of his at a camp-meeting ; they were both happy in religion, and informed me that their father was on his way to heaven.

I got home in safety that night, and found my family all well ; I went to work at my trade. My nearest neighbours were Baptists, and very high Calvinists ; they advanced doctrines that to me seemed very strange and inconsistent ; among other things, they declared that David was as much the favourite

child of God when he robbed Uriah of his wife and caused him to be put to death, as at any other period of his life. These things troubled my mind much, and I began to think that none who held such doctrines could be Christians; and being told that this was the belief of all Calvinists, I concluded no Calvinist could be a Christian. I was relieved from my trouble on this subject by a dream, in which I was made to understand that passage in the Acts, where Peter says, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." I could not believe their doctrine, for I thought some of it was contrary to the Holy Scriptures; but I did believe, if they loved the Lord, and worked righteousness, they were good Christians; and if faithful until death, they would be accepted with God.

Up to this time I had been an exhorter, though I had often taken a passage of Scripture from which to exhort; I now began to feel it my duty to preach the gospel, and the impression daily grew stronger. When sitting at my work, it would come upon me, and almost overpower me. I was afraid to think it was from the Lord, for I knew I was very ignorant of many things that a preacher of the gospel ought to know; and I was afraid to think it was from the devil, lest I should grieve the Spirit of the Lord; until now my peace had been like a river; ever since my

conversion I had been happy; now I began to be sorely troubled. One day I was at the house of J. W., whose wife was a good old Quakeress; she brought me the "Saints' Rest," and said, "There, James, if thee will bottom these cloth shoes, the book shall be thine." I agreed to do it; I took my book and started for home; it was night—on my way I called in at brother D.'s: they were all in bed; I sat down by the fire and lighted a candle, and read in my new book till about one o'clock. I then started again for home; in getting over a fence, I had such a deep impression of the sufferings of Christ for sinners, that I was melted into tears, and felt as if I ought to be willing to labour and suffer too for precious souls; when I reached home, the day began to break; I lay down and wept till sun-rise; I then hastened out into the woods, and fell upon my knees; there the Lord met with me and blessed me; it appeared as if the trees bowed with me before the Lord, and every leaf and every twig shone in beauty to his praise. Here I resolved that I would lay my case before the church; I did so, and the time was appointed for me to preach a sermon, that the brethren might hear and judge. Quarterly meeting came on, and my case was brought up; I could hardly think I should pass, but the brethren recommended me to the quarterly conference; there I thought it probable that the business would end, but I comforted myself with

having done my duty, and I felt that I could go on and exhort as I had done, if the church decided it was best that I should; in quarterly conference brother Moriarty called me up, and examined me; I retired after passing my examination; and the brethren voted in favour of my application. The next morning brother W. Jewett and myself received our licences.

I now had new trials; before, I was an exhorter, now it was known that I was a licensed preacher. When meditating at home the Scriptures would open to my mind in all their heavenly beauty, but when I thought of preaching, my mind would sink down; but the Lord encouraged me, and sometimes by dreams my heart was greatly strengthened to go on in the blessed work; and my poor labours were crowned with some success. I have been enabled by the grace of God to hold on thus far, and my soul has often rejoiced at seeing sinners brought to taste of pardoning mercy.

About this time, while my mind was exercised on this subject, I had a remarkable dream. I thought I was somewhere in the state of Connecticut, and there I saw a beautiful church, standing upon a rising ground; it was built of the most beautiful and costly stone that my eyes ever beheld: it appeared so exceedingly beautiful outside I had a great curiosity to see how it looked inside, so I went to it; as I stepped my foot upon the

door sill, the Lord Jesus Christ stood before me, and told me to follow him; and with that he turned to the right hand, and there he showed me a great pile of boots and shoes; he then said, These are intended for the preachers of the gospel, and he told me to put on a pair of them; so I tried, and tried, but I could find none to fit me; at last I found one boot that I made out to squeeze on, but it pinched pretty hard,—that he said was for me, and while I was putting it on, I looked up and saw the house was full of people, and then it was impressed on my mind that the preacher who was to preach had not come, and I concluded that they would expect me to preach, so I thought I would get out of the way; then the Lord Jesus spoke to me and said, These people have come here expecting to hear the everlasting gospel preached, and a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto you, and wo unto you if you preach not the gospel unto them; so I stepped along with my one boot on; I got upon one end of a bench, gave out a hymn, sung and prayed, and took my text and began to preach. I had no sooner begun than my soul was filled with the Holy Ghost and the powers of the world to come, and the people looked like little angels to my view; the power of God fell on them in a most wonderful manner; some fell, some shouted glory, and I had such liberty in speaking and such a flow of words as I never had before or since. I had only to

open my mouth, and they poured out in streams of love and fire, that melted down all before them; and in the midst of my preaching I was so full of love and my soul was so happy that I shouted aloud in my sleep, so that I awoke my family and myself too; after I was awake I reflected on this dream. I concluded that as I had been able to get but one boot on, out of the great heap, and that with tight squeezing, that I must only be a local preacher; and so I have been hobbling about ever since with my one preacher-boot on, (and that has sometimes pinched pretty hard,) trying to exhort and preach and pray,—trying to be instrumental in plucking some poor sinners as brands from the burning; and, glory to God, I have through mercy had some fruit of my labour in the Lord.

A camp-meeting was appointed in the town of Carmel, in Westchester county, which was the first ever held in the state of New-York. On the day appointed for its commencement I took a little money in my pocket, threw my great coat over my arm, and started for the meeting in company with J. L. When I arrived the people were collecting. I sat down under a tree, and sung the first hymn ever sung at a camp-meeting in this state. Brother Sergeant preached at 3 o'clock; then preaching, singing, and prayer were continued till night came on. Brother T. W. invited me to go home with him, and spend the night. I accepted his

invitation; brother L. accompanied me; we had a good time in family prayer; after breakfast we returned to the camp ground; there were but few present. At 10 o'clock we had preaching: the preacher bore down pretty hard on those who left the ground the night before, and said the wicked took possession, and carried on all night; I sat and cried, and resolved that I would not leave the ground another night till the meeting broke up. After preaching, the prayer-meetings began. I thought as we had men of ability and learning there to carry on the meetings, and as in all probability doctors, lawyers, and merchants would be present, it would not do for such a poor weak creature as me to say or do any thing, so I held back; in this way I worried along till about sun-down; but I could stand it no longer, and I made up my mind that if lawyer, doctor, Tom Paine, or any one else, were present, I must go to work, so I fell upon my knees and began to pray; I had uttered but a few words before the glory of the Lord shone around me, and the love of God came into my poor soul in such floods that my body was overpowered, and I fell prostrate on the ground, and a number of others with me; there I lay some time, as happy as I could be in the body. Upon recovering my strength, I arose prepared for battle; I drew my sword, which was ornamented with glory, and tempered with heavenly love, and by the help of the Lord I fought all

that night, singing, praying, and exhorting. Sometimes, while at prayer, I could hear the people falling like logs around me; the work went on gloriously; as the friends grew weary they retired to their tents and wagons, and sometimes I was left with only two or three, but I kept on working as if I had thousands around me.

Just as the day began to dawn, brother Candee came along, and told me there were forty or fifty young people up in the grove, engaged in singing songs, and asked me to go up and exhort them: away I ran, and when I came near them, I began to exhort them in a gentle tone of voice, but they laughed at me. I looked up to God, and he strengthened me. I opened my mouth once more in exhortation, and my voice seemed like thunder, and the very earth appeared to tremble under my feet; the power of God fell upon the young company, and they cried aloud for mercy. The brethren came running up and we surrounded them, and before sun-rise about twenty were converted. They came into the camp, and throughout the rest of the meeting they fought on the Lord's side, like true Israelites. After this there was no intermission, day or night, till the meeting closed. I think there were but three tents on the ground. After the first night I did not close my eyes to sleep. Our New-York friends were there, and among them uncle Joseph Smith. Things were not then so nicely ar-

ranged camp-meetings as they are now: we had no chairs to sit on, nor could we very handily shave every morning, nor keep our bosom quite as white, nor our collar as high up our faces, as some do in these latter days. But we were all working men, and the women worked too, and our labour was not in vain in the Lord. A great many experienced religion; a sister, the wife of one of our excellent brethren, fell under the power of God, and was removed to a neighbouring house, where she lay about three days, and hundreds went to see her while in that state.

At the close of the meeting I started for home, accompanied by several friends; I was very happy. On the way I called at a house to get a drink of water, a young man was there who had been at the meeting, and was very much displeased with it; I told him my prayer was, that the power of the Lord might come upon him; he flew in a passion, took up his axe and swore he would split my head open if I did not leave the house; we left the house, and he followed us to the road. We reached brother L.'s that night and had a meeting; the next day I arrived home and found all well.

For a week after my return home I was so overwhelmed by the presence of the Lord that I could not work; during the week we had a number of precious meetings. I then went to work at my trade, and continued at it till about the middle of January, when my

friends at the east sent me a present of a quantity of Indian meal and leather, with a message for me and brother F. to come immediately up to them. The work of the Lord had broken out in the town of Ellsworth, east of Sharon, and they wanted labourers. Brother F. furnished me with a horse, saddle, and bridle, and we went up together. We held a number of meetings, and the Lord was with us. At the request of the preacher I took the circuit, leaving him in Ellsworth in the midst of the work. My first appointment was at Pine Swamp; I was much blessed with this people. Next night held meeting at Sharon hollow; and the next night at the schoolhouse at Canaan Falls; the power of the Lord came upon the people. The next day held meeting in Old Canaan-street; had a precious season—and in the evening at New Marlborough, at the house of brother S. From thence I went to Sheffield; and on Sabbath morning had a good meeting at the schoolhouse in Salisbury. I then went to Mount Washington, and held meeting at the house of brother K.; the room was well filled, and we had a powerful class-meeting; some fell to the floor. The next night, at Livingston's manor, had a gracious time in speaking from Isaiah iii, 10, 11: "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Wo unto the wicked," &c. The Lord was with us. The next day went to Mount Ross; there I met

with one of our old preachers, J. N. He preached, and I exhorted; we had a glorious season. Here the preacher of the circuit, brother D., was to meet me, but not finding him, I started for Amenia to look for him. Between daylight and dark, I called at N.'s, and inquired of a young woman who stood on the stoop the distance to P. P.'s. I started again, when she asked me if it was not Mr. Horton. I said, Yes. She then told me that a young man had been up from my neighbourhood to inform me that my house was burned. I started, not knowing how my family had fared, but fearing the worst; the devil took advantage of my misfortune, and pressed me hard. When I arrived at the house of brother P., I found the family had gone to meeting. I went to the house of brother T. J., where the meeting was held; at the close of the meeting, I learned the particulars of my loss, but my family were all safe. The people all retired, except three young persons. I sat in the corner and began to sing; the power of the Lord came upon us, and two of the young people fell to the floor. I sung and prayed with them until they experienced religion; my soul was much blessed of God.

The young man, who was one of the three just mentioned, afterward became a travelling preacher. The next day, I started for what had been my home; I found my family all well, and at the house of one of my children in the Lord, W. D. We were somewhat

cramped for room in the old log house, bu we were very happy.

In about ten days after my return, an express came for me to go round the circuit for brother F. W. The brethren advised me to go, promising, when I came back, to turn out and help me fix up an old log house belonging to brother S. When I returned from my tour, brother F. brought me a load of boards; and I went to work with no other than my little boy to help me. I worked hard for two weeks, in order to get my family settled before the Tuckahoe camp-meeting, to which I had promised to go. I took a very heavy cold, but succeeded in getting my family moved the day before I had to start for the camp-meeting. Next morning, brother F. carried me to Poughkeepsie, and I got on board brother J. P.'s sloop; was unwell, but the exercise in meetings in the cabin and hold of the sloop kept me in a good perspiration, and I grew better; a number experienced religion on the way. We landed at Dobb's Ferry, and a number of us started on foot. On the way, I called in at old S. Sherwood's, to get a drink of water and light my pipe; and while there, Bishop Asbury came out of his room and said, "Is this my brother Horton? I have heard of you, but never saw you before." So he stood and talked kindly to me, and stroked my head, and went back into his room. I started again for the camp ground. On my way, the Lord blessed me so power-

fully that I could hardly walk ; I believed it was in answer to the prayer of Bishop Asbury for me. When I reached the ground, there was but one tent up ; I went in and began to sing and pray. The power of the Lord was present to save; and before the second tent was up, several were converted. There was no intermission of the work from that time to the close of the meeting; many were brought to the knowledge of the truth. Under brother S. Arnold's sermon in the evening, I was so blessed that I did not know but my happy soul would break away from my body. In the midst of my ecstasy an old relative took me by the hand and kindly invited me to come and visit him ; this same uncle once threatened to horsewhip me, if I came to his house bawling and shouting, as he called it. I visited him in the city, and he treated me very politely ; we had prayers down in the kitchen; he begged me to moderate, and I tried as far as I could to humour him.

After I returned home, brother W. L. insisted on my going out to Tower Hill to hold meeting; he sent out appointments by the preachers ; so I went out, and had meeting at E. B.'s on Saturday night. The next day had a large congregation at Eben Benham's. The power of the Lord came down; sinners were awakened, and there was the shout of a king in Zion.

At this meeting, Allan Gray was powerfully awakened, and experienced religion;

he was so happy, and so thankful, that he ran immediately home and brought all the money he had, and gave it to me, and said if he had a hundred dollars I should have it all; shortly after which, his wife and her mother also experienced religion, and her father, who had backslidden, was reclaimed, and joined the Methodist Church. Sister Gray afterward had a son, whom she named after me, calling him James; the family were always very kind to me.

Brother A. G. having loaned me a horse, I went to a quarterly meeting in the town of Cornwall, Connecticut; the preaching was in the grove, and the pulpit was a rock. Under the preaching I had a gracious season. At the conclusion of the sermon, I had to stand on the rock and exhort. About a year after, I saw brother C., who informed me that under the exhortation, the most wicked woman in the town was awakened; she embraced religion, and became a faithful member of the church. After the quarterly meeting, brothers E. S., J. S., D. E., and brother F., started for camp-meeting in Stillwater, Saratoga county; we put up the first night at brother N.'s; the next night in Troy; and the next day, Wednesday, we reached the camp ground. The weather was heavy, and the sky was overcast all day; meeting commenced in the afternoon. In the evening it began to thunder and lighten; about ten o'clock, the rain began to fall; and it con-

tinued raining until toward daybreak on Sabbath. The meeting went on without intermission day or night. I was constantly wet; my new hat was completely soaked, and the colouring ran down my face; and I suspect I did not look any the better for it. Father Asbury would sometimes call me into his tent, and make me sit down and rest, and take refreshments out of a big chest. Brothers Samuel Cochran, Samuel Coates, and Seth Crowel, were there; they were young men, and had been labouring in Canada; this was the first time I ever saw them. At midnight, brother S. Crowel got up into a wagon, and gave an exhortation; such a one I never heard before, and never expect to hear again. It appeared to me while he spoke, that the heavens and earth were coming together. After he finished, he sung the hymn, "My soul is full of glory, inspiring my tongue." I had never heard it before. I was as happy as I could be, and live in the body. One night during the meeting, when the hail was falling, and the thunder roaring, the Lord blessed me in such a powerful manner that I lost my strength, and fell helpless to the ground; the wicked gathered around me; one felt of my pulse, another swore I was dead, another said he was glad of it, and hoped, as one was killed, that camp-meeting would be broken up. After a while my strength returned, and I rose up shouting, "Glory to God!" some ran, others appeared amazed to see me alive. A great

many experienced religion at this meeting. Before the meeting, it had been very dry; and the wicked had determined to break up the meeting by setting fire to the woods; but the copious rain defeated them. From this meeting, I went to Broadalbin, to visit my father and brothers, and held a number of meetings in their neighbourhood. I was tried with myself, because I could not pray or worship without crying aloud, and making so much noise; but God was with me; a number were awakened, and experienced religion. One of the young men converted at that time afterward became a travelling preacher. Sixteen years ago, I heard him preach at a quarterly meeting in Canandaigua; he was a presiding elder; he knew me well, and was not ashamed of me.

I returned home about the middle of July, and worked at my trade till September; then the camp-meeting at Croton came on; it was the first held on General Courtland's grounds. Several hundred of us got on board of brother Pardee's sloop and went to the meeting; it was judged that twenty thousand people attended the meeting. Our prayer-meetings were then generally held out of the tents in large circles; sometimes two or three hundred on their knees together; and their was no embargo laid on us; but we could sing and pray, and exhort, all night long; and the Lord poured out his Spirit upon the people, and very many were converted. At this meeting, a

young man from Fishkill Hook, G. H., fell under the power of God; his companions caught him up and carried him off, and put him in a wagon; he lay a few minutes, and the Lord blessed him with the pardon of his sins; he rose up and began to exhort them, and they all ran and left him; he came into the camp very happy.

Another young man came with his mother and other company in a wagon, and commenced putting up a tent. There was so much singing and praying all around him, that he became enraged, and began to curse and swear bitterly, and fairly jumped up and down with passion; in the midst of his wicked gale the power of God struck him down to the earth; he was carried into a praying circle, and the Lord blessed him; his old mother's heart was filled with joy. At the close of the meeting, father Garrettson came to me and gave me nine crowns, and told me I must attend all the camp meetings without fail; which I endeavoured faithfully to do. I never missed but one camp-meeting at Croton, and that failure was in consequence of my wife's illness at the time.

The following year, I attended another meeting on the ground. It was a time long to be remembered. One night during an exhortation from brother Candee, it was judged that four or five hundred people fell under the power of the Lord. I took a stand on the hill, by a large log; several brethren

were busily employed looking up the mourners and bringing them to the circle of prayer. The power of the Lord to heal was so present that it seemed only necessary to point the broken-hearted to the Lamb of God, and pray for and with them, and they came into liberty and went away praising a sin-pardoning God. Thus they continued coming and going all the night, and there was no intermission till sun an hour high in the morning. I thought if I could always have such employment, blessed as I was of God, it would be good enough for me. The slain of the Lord were found in the woods all around the camp; some were found by the groans they uttered, and brought into the camp, and encouraged to seek the Lord. One morning during the meeting, brother J. W. came to me in company with a gentleman from New-York, who was about to leave the ground. He gave me some money, and insisted on my visiting him in the city after the meeting closed: so when the meeting broke up I concluded to go. I got on board the sloop with the coloured people. It was late in the afternoon; they requested me to pray—I knelt down on the quarter deck, and began. I had not prayed long before they began to jump and fall around me in every direction. Fearing some mishap I got up, and set guards over them, and then engaged again in prayer. We had a good season, and between twenty and thirty professed to experience religion, and a

goodly number the blessing of perfect love. The next morning a sloop came along, with a great many passengers on board; they told us that the yellow fever had broken out in the city, and many persons were dying daily, and many flying to the country. It was thought best for me not to go to the city, and they landed me about two miles below Tarrytown. I went to White Plains, and had a few meetings; and thence to Northcastle: there I was informed that the gentleman who invited me to visit him in the city, had moved his family to Bedford in consequence of the sickness. The next afternoon I intended to visit him, but word came that he died that morning. In the evening I went to hear brother W. Thatcher preach at the house of brother Kirby. The old lady, hearing that "Crazy Horton" was coming to the meeting, locked herself up in a room in one corner of the house. After meeting I mounted my horse and rode on. We had had a precious meeting, and the Lord blessed me so that I could hardly sit on my horse. I travelled on a slow walk, and was passing the house of sister O. She stood in the doorway with a light in her hand, and invited me to stop—so I dismounted and went in. After my horse was taken care of, and supper ended, we had family prayer. I lodged in an upper room: during the first part of the night I was sorely tempted by the devil; at one time it seemed as if the house was falling,

and I was tumbling down among the rubbish into the cellar. Then I was beset in some other way, and it was some time before I could compose my mind, and feel that the arms of my heavenly Father were around me. I arose in the morning early, and seeing a house at no great distance, I started for it.—It was the house of the widow H. As I approached, some boys came out at the back door, and seeing me they started away across the field. I exhorted them as they ran, and an arrow reached the heart of one of them, and he soon after experienced religion. I went into the house and prayed with the old lady.

I returned home, but was soon sent for to go up to the town of Northeast. Brother P. P. and other brethren had gone up from Amenia, and held meetings in the vicinity of a Baptist neighbourhood. There were no Methodists in the place, the people were principally Baptists, and most if not all of them were in a backslidden state. As they would say, the little spark was buried up in the ashes. They had a meeting house, if such it might be called; they had no minister, and the old meeting house was in such a dilapidated state the weatherboards were falling off, and some were hanging loose and clattering in the wind. They commenced, and held several prayer-meetings. The Lord poured out his Spirit in a wonderful manner upon the people, and a number of the children of the old backslidden Baptists were awakened and

converted, and went home praising the Lord, and telling what he had done for their souls. This waked up the attention of the old people, and the whole neighbourhood came out to meeting. Many backsliders were reclaimed; and all joined the Methodist society, but two, who were rigid Calvinists. These two sent into Connecticut for an old Baptist minister, to come and preach the peculiarities of their creed, and to oppose the work of God as it was then going on. When their champion arrived, he, and the two that held out against the Methodists, went from house to house among the young converts. They would request them to tell their experience: the young people would freely, and in the simplicity of the gospel tell all that the Lord had done for them, and how happy they were in his love. Then the minister would say to them, "Have you felt so ever since you professed to experience religion?" and they would answer, "Yes." Then he would say, "These raptures of love which you feel are no evidence of your being Christians;"—that he had been a great many years a preacher of the gospel, and he found the best place for him was in the valley, and under doubts and fears—and that he committed sin enough in his best performances to damn a thousand worlds. And then he would turn to one of the others and say, "Brother, now let us hear your experience." And he would say, "O you, in giving your expe-

rience, have related mine as well, and better than I could have related it myself." Well, at last they came to the house of Mr. Sheldon, whose daughter Sally had experienced religion: and they got Sally to tell her experience; after which the old minister told his brethren, and stated, as he had to the others, that her happiness and the love which she felt were no evidence of religion, and about his doubts and fears, and what a great sinner he was, and then called upon Mr. Sheldon, her father, to relate his; and he replied as before, that the minister, in relating his experience, had related his own better than he could tell it himself. This set Sally to doubting. She thought if her father and the minister, who had been so many years professors of religion, felt so, why of course she must be deceived, and what she believed to be religion must be a delusion: and before she was aware of it, she was in the valley sure enough. And it so wrought upon her mind that she left the spinning wheel at which she was engaged, and ran up stairs, and there she gave vent to her grief in tears. Her father and the old minister followed her up, supposing that they had made a convert of her, and the minister said to her, "Sally, shall we pray with you?" She answered, "No: for if you are such great sinners as you say you are, God will not hear your prayers, and so I must pray for myself." And at it she went, and very soon the Lord heard and blessed her; and she could again shout his praises—so they made

but little headway with her. As they went round the neighbourhood, they gave out meeting for the sabbath, and some of the people went to the meeting. When the minister rose to commence the meeting, he began in a tone of voice which they called the gospel sonnet, and said, "How much singing, and praying, and exhorting have been here, and no Jesus in it. But I hope as to *my* singing, and praying, and exhorting, Jesus will be in it." What presumption, to stand up before the Lord, who had been working so wonderfully among the people, awakening and converting sinners by scores, and reclaiming backsliders, &c., and telling him such an abominable story. However, it had but little effect on the people, as he could obtain but two proselytes whom he baptized.

I saw Sally a few years afterward. She was still on her way to heaven. She had married a wicked man, from whom she had suffered much persecution on account of her religion, as she told me. But the good Lord had removed him out of the way.

In the fall I attended a camp-meeting, held in brother Jewett's woods. Brother M. was presiding elder. We had a blessed season, but the work was somewhat hindered by the wicked. A goodly number, however, were converted. S. S., a Universalist preacher, was awakened; he was very troublesome at the meeting; and when he was told to stop his arguments and disputings, or leave the

ground, he became very angry, and told the people he would go off the ground and preach a sermon to all that would follow him. A number went, and he preached Universalism for the last time. He had preached the doctrine forty years, and travelled a great deal.

After camp-meeting, I rode home with brother Ferguson, and worked at my trade until about the middle of January. I then went out to visit my friends, and labour for souls. Began on Tower Hill, from thence went to Amenia, and then to Northeast—thence to Salisbury, and held meeting on Saturday night at brother E.'s. After meeting, brother S., son of the old Universalist preacher above mentioned, came to me and desired me to go home with him to visit his wife, whose health was poor, and who was earnestly seeking a deeper work of grace, and desired to see me. I went with him, and got to his house at about ten o'clock at night. There I found his old father on his knees, praying for mercy: he seemed determined never to rise till he found salvation; after some conversation, I persuaded him to rise and take some refreshment, and endeavour to get a night's rest, for he had been several days in great distress of mind. He took my advice, and we had family prayer. In the morning after reading and singing, we kneeled for prayer; the blessing of the Lord came upon us: sister S. lost her strength, brother S. shouted aloud—we had a precious season.

Expecting a brother to call for me in his sleigh, I took breakfast, which I had chiefly to prepare for myself, as brother and sister S. and the old people had enough to do to praise the Lord for his wonderful mercy to them. I then left them, as happy a family as I ever saw. The old people and sister S. died a short time after this.

At the same camp-meeting, a brother desired me to go and talk with his wife, though he feared it would do her no good. She had once enjoyed religion, and was very happy in her mind; while engaged in her domestic concerns, she was generally singing the praises of God. But she had been visited by some old Calvinistic Baptists, whose conversation had led her into doubts and darkness; until at last she had come to the conclusion, that she was a reprobate, and that her damnation was sure; in this state she sought to destroy herself, and had given up all concern for her domestic affairs. After hearing of her state, I took brother U. F., and went to the tent where she was; the poor woman looked pale and melancholy. I began to talk to her; she told me it was of no use for me to talk to her, for her damnation was sure, and she knew the moment when the Spirit of the Lord left her; and she was sealed over to eternal death. I told her the devil was a liar; and asked if she did not feel a desire to be made happy in the love of God, and go to heaven, where Jesus is, when she left this world; she replied,

"O, yes! but then that cannot be." I told her there was mercy in abundance for her; and I preached Jesus to her, as a loving Saviour. Soon the big tears gushed from her eyes, and ran down her pale cheeks, and she trembled. I continued for some time to encourage her, and then left her in the hands of the good Lord. The next summer I saw her husband; he told me that his wife, soon after the camp-meeting, had recovered her peace and joy; and now, although reduced in circumstances, by her long affliction, they were happy in the love of God, and took comfort as they travelled together to their home in heaven.

The next fall, a camp-meeting was held again in Croton. I went on board the old sloop once more, and started for the ground. When we got below Newburgh, it became calm, and we commenced a prayer-meeting, sun about an hour high. While I was engaged in prayer, the power of God came down upon us in a remarkable manner, saints rejoiced, and sinners cried for mercy; boats came from the shore to the sloop, bringing awakened sinners; we took them on board and prayed with them, and many went away rejoicing. I was very happy. In passing along, I found a young man on his knees, with his hands holding fast to the railing of the sloop. I exhorted him to look to the Lord Jesus; his appearance and manner impressed me that he was tempted to jump overboard; so I fell upon my knees behind him with my

arms each side of him, intending to catch him if he attempted to jump; he soon experienced religion; he then told me that all that prevented his throwing himself into the river, was the fear we would get him on board again. We reached the camp ground in safety, and had a great and precious time of the outpouring of the Spirit of God. My soul was wonderfully blessed. During the meeting, I went among the coloured friends, to see how they got along; some were lying on the ground, and some were leaping and praising God; they appeared to be very happy. I thought if they could be more moderate in some of their exercises, it would have a better effect upon the spectators; but finding that my reasonings concerning their movements were not profiting my own soul, I left them. Many were converted at this meeting.

I returned home by the way of Poughkeepsie, on Friday night; and on Saturday, went to quarterly meeting at Swago. At the love feast on Sabbath morning, the house was so crowded that a number of us had to stand during the meeting. Brother D. began to sing, and the power of the Lord came upon us. I was happy beyond description, and I believe I acted as immoderately as the coloured people did at the camp meeting, when I was a little tried with them; and one good sister, who had sharply reproved me for making a noise on other occasions, at this meeting went beyond me in shouting and leaping and praising

the Lord. Some good Presbyterians were at this meeting; they told the people they thought the devil was in me; but they returned home that evening and had a meeting, and the power of the Lord came upon them, and many of them fell to the floor.

Our next quarterly meeting was at Rhinebeck. After preaching on Saturday, thirty or forty of us went to father Garrettson's house; two rooms were prepared to lodge us; when the men retired to their room, they kneeled down for private devotion, and the blessing of God came upon us, and we spent the whole night in worshipping the Lord; some experienced the blessing of perfect love, and the house resounded with the praises of God. In the morning when we came down for family prayer, father Garrettson came smiling into the room and spoke affectionately to us, and after prayer and breakfast, we started to the love feast, and the good Lord was with us there. Father Garrettson was the presiding elder. I returned home and worked at my trade until February; then I left home and went over to Pawlingstown and held meetings. I could not rest long at home—I was pressed in spirit to be about the work in which my soul delighted, and was greatly blessed. When at home, I laboured diligently at my trade, frequently working till one and two o'clock in the morning, and being somewhat expert at my business, I could earn considerable money in a short time; and as soon

as I had earned enough to provide for my family, I felt constrained to be off in search of precious souls.

I started on foot for the quarterly meeting at Whiteplains, in the month of August. Father Garrettson preached on Saturday, and the Lord was with us. I was appointed, with about twenty more, to lodge at old sister Freedenburgh's. In the evening we had a prayer meeting, and continued it all night. In the morning only three remained to breakfast; the others ran around the neighbourhood, telling what the Lord had done for them that night. In the course of the night, I went out alone, and in my private devotions I felt an assurance that I should have a great and good time at the quarterly meeting. In the morning I went to the meeting-house, fully believing that my expectations would be realized; while the brethren were passing the bread and water around, the enemy tempted me and tried to rob me of my faith; I bowed down my head and lifted up my heart to the Lord, and he gave me victory; I was greatly blessed—my soul was so filled with the love of God, that for some time I was lost to all that was passing around me. It appeared to me that I was taken up into heaven, and there I saw the Lord upon his great white throne, and he spoke to me in melting language, thus: "Behold, dear child, none but the pure in heart can come here;" and there I saw the shining happy millions flaming around his throne in

such immortal beauty that my tongue cannot describe it; if I had really been translated to glory, it appeared to me I could not have been happier. When I came to my recollection, I was standing up on my seat with my hands uplifted, and when I looked down upon the people around me, they looked like the shining ones in whose company I seemed to be the moment before in the heavenly world. I spoke to them, and the power of God fell upon them, and the people fell under it in every direction. When I sat down, I felt a sudden warmth in my chest, and brought up a mouthful of blood; I then concluded I must have been shouting aloud, though I was not conscious of it; for a moment I thought I might bleed to death, and the thought of seeing my wife and children no more, produced a damp upon my feelings, but it soon passed away; and being unable to hold my peace, I went to the window and began to exhort the people that were out of doors, and the Lord took hold of them. Father Garrettson then said, "Brother Horton, go out of doors and do your duty;" so I left the love feast, went out at the window, and continued exhorting; many fell to the ground; when I became exhausted I leaned against the church, and then began again; I continued till the love feast closed. We had a meeting that night at brother M. F.s., and a great time it was. The power of the Lord came among us; sinners became alarmed; some ran out at the door, others jumped out at the windows,

and some of the children of brother F. were among the flying; but blessed be the Lord, they all experienced religion. I was happy that the Lord did own and bless the labours of such a poor illiterate creature, and my soul was humbled. Some of the good friends gave me a little money at this time which enabled me to get some new clothing.

In September I started again on board the old sloop for camp meeting. The night before I started, in returning home from brother Doty's, I scratched my ankle with a blackberry vine; in the morning it was much swelled, and inflamed, and exceedingly painful. Before I got down to Croton, my other ankle became also very painful. When we arrived at the landing place, I got a good brother on each side of me, put my arms around their necks, and thus walked up to the camp ground in my stocking feet; every step gave me great pain. We landed in the night. I went into brother Tompkins' tent, and remained there till the next afternoon, when the Northcastle friends, having completed their family chapel, came for me to go and dedicate it. I hobbled to the tent as well as I could with a couple of sticks. We sang a hymn, and kneeled for prayer—the power of the Lord came upon us, and I forgot my pain in the happiness and peace that flowed into my soul. The pain entirely left me, but my feet remained so swelled that I could not wear shoes. I had

a precious camp-meeting, but if the Lord had not been more merciful to me than my brethren, I should have worn my life out long ago. All through the meeting it was, "Come, brother Horton, to this tent," and "Come, uncle Jimmy, go open a meeting for us in that tent." And I could hardly get time to eat, or smoke. Sometimes I was so hemmed in by the crowd as to be almost suffocated. But it was a gracious meeting to me; and with a joyful heart I embarked in the old sloop, bound for Poughkeepsie. We had on board a young woman from New-Paltz, who went to the camp-meeting on purpose to seek the blessing of pardon; but came away without it. When within a few miles of the landing place, she began to cry, "Must I leave the sloop without religion! No no, I cannot." I told her to kneel down before the Lord, and we would pray for her. She kneeled, and a number of us with her, and we had not prayed long before the Lord blessed her, and she went home happy.

Soon after my return home, I attended the quarterly meeting at Swago. The friends in Amenia had requested me to visit there. I gave them liberty to make an appointment for me on a certain sabbath in their meeting house. The time drew near, and I was crowded with business; I hardly knew how to leave. On Saturday it began to snow. Not having much wood at the door, I went into the woods to cut some, and directed my

boy to come with the team. When he came I loaded the wagon, and went to cutting another load against his return. I cut the butt end of a dry sapling, that was over the hill, and took it on my shoulder, to carry it where the team could come: my feet slipped, and I fell to the ground with my burden; the stick caught one of my fingers, and crushed it. I went home in great pain, and was seized with a fit of ague. I then concluded I should not get to my appointment the next day. In the morning, however, I felt it my duty to go. The weather was extremely cold, but my heart was warm with the love of God. So I took a few mouthfuls of breakfast, mounted my horse, and rode twenty miles to the meeting house; and in my weak way talked to the people from Psalm lxxxiv, 11, "For the Lord God is a sun and a shield, the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." To me it was a good time, and the people were blessed. At night we had prayer meeting at brother T. J.'s, and the Lord was with us. The next night we had a powerful meeting at brother M.'s; the words I spoke from were, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," &c. The Lord gave me liberty in speaking. After meeting, R. H. came to me, and insisted on my going home with him. I went, and was treated with the greatest kindness and attention. A few years before this, I held a

meeting in the neighbourhood, at the house of sister W., and R. H. was present, and misbehaved. I reproved him for his conduct, and he was exceedingly angry, and swore he would horsewhip me for it, wherever he should find me. But, blessed be God, the "lion had become a lamb." The next night I held meeting at the house of brother T. J., and spoke from Luke xi, 2, "This man receiveth sinners." Sinners were awakened, and five souls were converted before the meeting closed. The friends in Amenia were very kind to me. In the morning brother and sister J. gave me a good supply of provision to take with me, and I started for home; called on a good friend on my way, who added something to my stock of provision, and I reached home at 10 o'clock at night, very happy.

I remained at home the next day and night. A light snow having fallen, and my finger being in such a state that I could not work, I concluded to make father Garrettson a little visit; so I bundled up my finger, got into my cutter, and started. But my finger troubled me, I was obliged every two or three miles to stop and warm it. And finding this delay was likely to make me very late at Rhinebeck, I called at the house of brother J. G., and held meeting there that night; and a good time it was. The next morning the snow fell very fast, and I went over to see W. H. In the course of the day it changed to rain, and the

snow all ran off. On Monday morning I went to Poughkeepsie. Brother R. S. was then stationed there. The good people kept me among them seven weeks, and many good meetings young brother S. and I had together in the little church, and in private houses. The brethren kept my horse, and entertained me kindly.

I returned home on Wednesday, and on that night I had a singular dream:—I thought a thunder shower came up, the rain fell fast, presently it changed to a fine hail; then the hail fell larger, and continued to increase in size, until great cakes of ice fell thick and fast I expected every moment the house would be broken in and my wife and children killed.—In my anxiety for my family I felt no concern for myself. At length the clouds suddenly disappeared, and the sun shone out brightly, and my wife and children were all unhurt. The dream made an impression on my mind. The next night my wife was taken ill, but in the morning seemed well again, and went about her work as usual: and I started for Amenia to attend the quarterly meeting. We had a gracious season. In the love feast sister R. was wonderfully blessed, and expressed her happiness in triumphant language. The next sabbath morning, in the same frame of mind, she took her flight to glory. Father Garrettson preached, and I was much blessed under the word. Before he finished, I saw one of my neighbours come in, and

I suspected there was some message from home for me. At the close of the meeting he informed me that my wife had broke out with small pox, and he had come after me. I started for home, and arrived the next day at 9 o'clock. When I came to my house, I found the doors open, and the things set out in the open air, and no wife nor child, to be seen within my dwelling. It was a melancholy hour for me. I soon learned that they had taken my wife to the house of T. F., where she took the disorder; and I found my children at the house of one of my neighbours. I took them home, and there I was shut in with them, no one coming near my habitation but the doctor. Sometimes I was ready to sink under my affliction, and then the recollection of my late dream, would give me courage to hope that all would come out better than my fears. The children were all vaccinated but two of them, being quite sick. And my wife hearing they had the small pox, came home immediately—and there we were all together, and every body afraid to come near us: but all were spared.

The next camp-meeting I attended was in the town of Goshen, Connecticut. E. Hedding was presiding elder. The Lord poured out his Spirit upon us, and many were converted, and some professed to find the blessing of perfect love. Brother Hedding preached from Luke xviii, 7, 8, "And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night

unto him," &c. It was a powerful sermon, and there was a shout in the camp.

I returned home after the close of the meeting. I was very hoarse, but I felt happy, and humble, and joyful. I called my family together for prayer, and the Lord heard and answered. The house was filled with his glory, and my humble dwelling appeared to me like a palace of gold ; that night three of my children experienced religion.

After this I attended a camp-meeting at Newburg, on S. Fowler's land. This I think was the first place at which the ten o'clock embargo was laid on the people. No singing, no praying, unless in silence, after that hour. I felt grieved, and walked around the still camp with a heavy heart. I came to a fire, at which an old man was sitting ; we entered into conversation—he was from England, and had often heard that great and good man, Mr. Wesley, preach. As we talked, the fire began to burn in my soul, and I felt so happy, I fell upon my knees, thinking I would pray very low, and not disturb the people ; but my voice waxed louder and louder, till the people came running from their tents: one begged me to pray for him. We had a powerful time ; a number professed to be converted, and some to be perfected in love. We continued at it all night. The next morning I expected that brother Ostrander would put me under guard, but he said nothing to me, and I worked in the old way all through the meeting.

The next winter I took a journey to the north. On my way I called at L. Sutherland's: they had gone to quarterly meeting. I followed them, and came to a brother's house where they were engaged in a prayer-meeting. I went in unperceived, and kneeled down, and when an opportunity offered, I broke out in prayer, and till then they did not know I was among them. Here I first became acquainted with brother William Ross. The next morning in love feast I related my experience, and was much blessed. Brothers Anson and Swain, two of our old preachers, were there. I was on my way to visit my father at Broadalbin, and being invited to hold a meeting with them on my return, I allowed them to make an appointment for me. When I came back to my appointment, I found brother Thatcher there, so he preached, and I exhorted, and we had a good season. I held a number of meetings around Stillwater, and on the sabbath I preached to the people in the Stillwater church: we had a good congregation, and a powerful season. At night brother B. Silleck preached; I had never seen him before—I exhorted after him and closed the meeting. I went home with brother Sutherland, and they gave out for a meeting on Wednesday night, in brother S.'s meeting house, for me and brother W. On Wednesday morning when I arose, I felt it impressed on my mind to leave the place, and I could not be prevailed on to remain, though I knew

not where I should go, or what work the Lord had for me to do. I got into my cutter and crossed Waterford bridge. At the gate I presented a bill to pay my toll, but the old man who kept the gate refused my money. I offered him several small articles I had about me, but he declined them, so I had to go back to the village, where after much difficulty I got my bill changed, and returned across the bridge and paid my toll; but by this time it was after sunset. I travelled to Lansingburg. As I rode through the street I heard some one calling after me: I stopped my horse, and looking around saw brother Chichester, who came to me and asked me where I was going; I told him I did not know; he told me to follow him, which I did, and he led me to brother Drake's; they once resided in Poughkeepsie, and were glad to see me, and made me feel at home. Brother D. ran out, and gave notice for a meeting. And we soon had a company together. I prayed and exhorted, and the Lord gave me liberty. I then invited the brethren and sisters to engage in prayer, which they did in good earnest. After a while one and another got up and acknowledged they had done wrong, and begged forgiveness. I did not know what to make of it at first, but I found afterward that they had been in difficulty, and gone so far that some of them had been cited before the church. The trial was to take place the next day, but this meeting was rendered instru-

mental of healing the breach, and restoring harmony and love. The next day brother Anson came to the place, and I went with him to Troy, and remained for the quarterly meeting on Saturday and the Sabbath.

After this I went on to Hillsdale, and held a number of meetings, and to Egremont, and Salisbury, and Amenia, where I spent the Sabbath, and had a good season with the brethren. On Monday evening I arrived at home, and found my family all well. I remained at home following my business till the camp-meeting at Rhinebeck, on father Garrettson's land. It was a very rainy time, but salvation came in floods upon the people. While a very lively prayer-meeting was in progress, an old Dutchman who had stood some time looking very earnestly at those engaged in it, turned away, and going to one of the preachers said to him, "Can I know my sins forgiven, just as well as if I should sell a cow for twenty dollars, and take the money in my hand, and see I got it—and feel I got it—and know I got it?" adding, at the same time, that his preacher said it was impossible. The preacher told him it was his privilege to know his sins forgiven. Upon that the old man turned away, and laid his hat and cane at the foot of a tree—went into the praying circle, kneeled down and began to pray. He had been thus engaged but a short time, when the Lord blessed him: he immediately sprang up, and cried, "Glory to God!

now I know I have got the blessing, for I feel it in my heart; and I would give the best cow in my yard if my wife and son were here." The old man was upward of eighty years of age. I spent the night, after the meeting broke up, at father Garrettson's. Then I went with brother S. Crowel to a number of his appointments on Dutchess circuit.

I next went to a camp-meeting in Durham, N. Y. Here I met with some friends, who resided east of Sharon, at whose house I had held a meeting: and the Lord had blessed my labours in the conversion of one soul. They now resided in Sharon, west of Durham. In this neighbourhood, some of the brethren had been wonderfully blessed in praying for the sick, and they had received some remarkable answers to their prayers for their recovery. They at last became presumptuous, and in the case of a sick young woman who was attended by a physician that was a deist, they insisted that in answer to their prayer the young woman would recover; the doctor said she would die, and they carried matters so far as to agree that if the young woman did not recover, they would turn infidels, and if she did recover, the doctor promised to turn Christian. During the camp-meeting the young woman died. These brethren were at the camp-meeting, but they went about with their heads bowed down, feeling that they were rebuked for their presumption. The meeting

was a great one: many were converted, and more professed to experience the blessing of sanctification than I had ever before known at a meeting no larger than this. The meeting broke up about 10 o'clock on Monday morning, and brother D. K. and myself started for home. When we had proceeded about two miles, the wind came out of the northwest and the cold increased very fast: we put up at a brother's on the Catskill mountain. In the morning the ground was covered with snow frozen so hard as to bear our horses. I returned home and worked at my trade till February. I then went to White Plains to visit my friends, and had a number of good meetings with them. On Sunday I agreed to fill the appointments of brother Coles Carpenter, who could not leave home on account of sickness in his family. In the forenoon I went to King-street—in the afternoon to Sawpits, and in the evening to the Rye meeting-house. To this last appointment I went with some fear. I had seen brother Halsted of this place and his daughters at a camp meeting at Croton, and I heard he had come from the Presbyterian church to ours, and I was afraid my manner of conducting meetings would not suit him. I knew my weakness, and I thought I would not go into the pulpit. When I opened the door I saw the pulpit was lighted up, and old brother H. was seated in the altar. So I went in and entered the pulpit: I gave out my hymn and began to pray,

but I was cramped. After prayer I began to talk to the people, and had not spoken long before brother H. shouted aloud. This relieved me, and I got into my old track: in my gale I knocked one of the candlesticks off the pulpit, but it did no harm, and I had a good time. After meeting, brother H. took me home with him, and treated me as a brother. After family prayer, I retired to my bed very happy. In the morning we had a precious season in family devotion. The old gentleman went out after breakfast, but he had not been gone long before he returned, and said, "Come, brother Horton, pray with us." We engaged in prayer together, by his request, many times during that, and the following day: and the good Lord heard and answered. Toward evening, I took leave of this kind family, and went to my uncle J. H., in Purdy-street, and held meeting there; but I had not a very good time. From thence I went to White Plains. One day as I was walking along the road, a man overtook me in a cutter, and would have me get in with him; so I got in, and he said, "Mr. H., I believe you are a happy man, and I would give all I have in the world if I were as happy as you." I told him he need not do that, if he would only give his heart to the Lord, he would make him an humble, happy Christian. He inquired where I was going—I told him the place, and that I was going to hold a meeting there. He then told me who he was, and invited me to visit him. I got out of the cutter,

and went to my appointment. He came and brought his sister with him. I had great liberty in speaking from these words, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," &c. I visited Abraham H. On my return I called in at Richard Palmer's, and prayed with him. While at prayer, the Lord sent an arrow to the heart of Robert Palmer, who lived in an upper room: soon after this he experienced religion, became a useful man, and still maintains his integrity. R. P. went with me to visit lawyer ——. I sung a hymn, and we all knelt down before the Lord, and he heard our prayers, and answered in blessings on our souls. When we arose we all wept together. The lawyer made me a handsome present, and repeated his kindness as often as I visited him. His sister did not live long; but she experienced religion, and died happy.

I started for home, and had many good meetings on my way. On sabbath held one at Mount Pleasant, another at sister Hall's. Went on to brother P.'s, near Cherry-street, and remained all night. Next day attended quarterly meeting in the old church at Stephentown. There I first fell in with brother Geo. Coles. At night I was at prayer meeting at brother Wilson's. Next morning in love feast I told my experience: brother C. was much pleased, and said it was worth a voyage from England to hear such an experience of the Lord's wonderful goodness. It was a precious time to many poor souls. I

went home with A. C., and had prayer meeting that night at his house, and the Lord was with us. The next day I reached home, and found all well.

The next camp-meeting was at Haverstraw. There I got well acquainted with the Brooklyn friends. They seemed to want me all the time in their tents. Brother Ross followed me, and would have me go to his tent, and pray especially that the Lord would sanctify his soul. I was humbled in the dust to think that so eminent a servant of the Lord should want such a poor illiterate creature as I was to pray so specially for him; but we prayed together, and the Lord blessed him with the desire of his heart. After the meeting broke up, he returned to Brooklyn, and I was informed preached as he never did before; and soon finished his work, and went to his reward. At this meeting many were converted, and many experienced the blessing of perfect love. I was kept at work so closely that I was pretty well worked up. So I returned home, and worked at my trade till christmas. I then went to Fishkill mountain, and held meeting at the house of J. F. P. A. and his wife were both awakened that night. I returned home, and in about ten days received a letter from brother P., the preacher on the circuit, containing some money, and a pressing solicitation to come immediately to their help—as they had made an appointment for me that night and two on the Sabbath. I

put my horse before my cutter, and started in a snow storm—arrived safely, and had a precious meeting at night. P. A. and his wife had both experienced religion. I attended my sabbath appointments—gave out more, and souls were awakened and converted at every meeting. I intended to return home on Tuesday, but it was five weeks and three days before I got away. During that time I was at work day and night. If I stole away to get a night's rest, the people would find out my retreat, and throng the house. The weather was cold, and suffered much in riding from one appointment to another, frequently starting off when thoroughly wet with perspiration, and feeling before I had gone far as if clad in garments of ice. But the Lord was with me, and I neither laboured nor suffered in vain. Many were awakened and converted; but when the preacher undertook to form a class I was astonished at the numbers that were rejected. The state of morals in the country had been very low, and numbers were found who had exchanged husbands and wives, and had reared families; and now found it impossible to get matters right.

The next sabbath evening, I had a meeting at Hutchins's house in Fishkill. I preached to the people in my weak way from 1 John iii, 1: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." We had a good time. After meeting had been dismissed some time,

one Mr. Rider came back and insisted that I should hold a meeting at his house before I returned home; I was by this time anxious to get home, but he urged, and I consented. I went back to the mountain to the house of C. H., and told them on such a night I was to hold meeting at Rider's, at the foot of the mountain. When the time came, I tried to get some of them to go with me, but no one would go, so I went alone, and arrived before night. The landlord locked up his rum shop, and came with all his family to meeting; the room was filled. After singing and prayer, I took for my text, Rev. vii, 14: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." I never had a more attentive congregation; some were awakened, and as I was afterward informed, joined the Baptist Church. On Tuesday morning I started for home; it was a mild day, the snow running off fast. I reached home about 10 o'clock, after an absence of five weeks and three days.

After being home a few days, I was taken with a distress through my whole system; it appeared as if there were little weights to every particle of my body, weighing me down; and I had, withal, such a weakness at my stomach that I thought I should never be able to speak again in public, and I was utterly unable to do any work at home.

The quarterly meeting was to be held in

May at Shanadore; brother Ferguson told me he was going in his wagon, and thought it would do me good to go with him; so I went. The meeting was held in brother Gerow's barn. After meeting, Rider came to me and said I must go home with him, as they had appointed a meeting for me: I told him I was broken down, and did not expect ever to hold another meeting; he insisted on my going, if I could do no more than sit in meeting with them. I went, and the people came together; I sat still, and the fire began to burn; I gave out a hymn and went to prayer; I felt a little better; I began to speak to the people, and felt a great deal better; next morning in love feast I felt better still. After the meeting broke up, I thought I would go on the mountain and see the lambs, and encourage them to hold on. Held prayer meeting that night at E. Shaw's. Next day brother Matthias was to preach his farewell sermon, at J. Foshay's. I went to hear him, but he did not come; the house was full, and I talked to the people. In the course of my talk, I said something about John Calvin's doctrines that offended an old lady and her daughter so highly that they left the house. After meeting, I was more revived; I gave out an appointment for brother Cochran's farewell sermon the next Monday. I went to hear him, but he did not come; so I spoke to the people from Gal. vi, 14, "But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. I had

not spoken long, before the power of God came on me like a flood, and not on me only, but on the whole congregation; all seemed in a flood of tears. I went on till my strength failed; I then sat down a few minutes, after which I rose and talked a little; I sat down the second time, and none offered to leave the house, so I got up and went to work again; I laboured till I was exhausted, and then I went into the kitchen, took a draught of water and lighted my pipe. While I was there, the old lady who had taken offence at some of my anti-Calvinism at the other meeting, turned to sister P. and said, "Don't it beat all; I came out last Monday to hear Mr. M. preach, and this old man was here—I was angry with him, and wondered he was permitted to preach, for I thought he was not fit to preach—I thought him the ugliest man I ever saw, and I hated the ground he walked on. To day I came to hear Mr. C., and the same old man is here again; but I never heard such preaching, and I like him as much as I hated him before." After meeting, the people went about weeping. The old lady, after this, would have me visit her; one of her sons afterward became a travelling preacher in the Genesee conference. I returned home. I was then living on one of father Garrettson's farms, which was then in a very poor state of cultivation. In the summer I attended a camp-meeting in father Garrettson's woods; many were converted. After the meeting closed, we got on

board the sloop; soon after starting, we began a prayer meeting, the power of the Lord came down upon us, and many fell under it; among the rest was Sambo, a coloured local preacher. We had a great time. Brother E. Woolsey was with us; we continued singing, praying, and exhorting, all the way down to New-Paltz, and many were blessed. Old brother Dusenbury prayed that God would so unite our souls in love that we might be as a tangled skein of yarn that never could be got apart. Next morning the wagons came for the folks, and some of them, who lived four or five miles back from the river, said they heard us singing and praying as we came down the river.

I returned home, and kept at my trade till January; then my wife had a fit and fell in the fire, and burned herself so badly that none of her friends expected she could survive; my daughter Jane was in another room at the time, and hearing her mother make a strange noise, ran in and took her from the fire. I was confined by this sad occurrence, until April. I believe my wife would have died of her wounds but for a salve prepared by Ruth Wilkinson: it consisted of leaf tobacco, boiled in a kettle of water, then strained, and rosin and tallow added to it and boiled together; then when cool it was spread and applied. This affliction to me was a sore trial, and my poor wife suffered dreadfully. Previously to this, I had been for five weeks so afflicted with rheumatism in my right arm

that I could not raise it up to do any thing, and I had then just begun to work a little. The day that my wife got so as to go out of one room into another, my son-in-law, J. Coles, was carried to his grave; then I had to take my daughter and her two children home, which increased my family to ten. After this I pretty much gave up shoemaking, except for my own family, and went to work with my little boys and girls on the land; and the best we could do we could not half the time raise enough on the land to bring the year about; and when we got the farm in a better state of cultivation, and the people saw that things looked better, and the land began to produce pretty well, some tried to get the farm away from me. I had been down in the Highlands, which has since been called the Mission circuit. It was then a dark region, lying between Dutchess and Courtland circuits. As I went from place to place exhorting the people I found many had once enjoyed religion, but were in a backslidden state; this was so general that it seemed as if all the backsliders from the two adjoining circuits had settled themselves here in the mountains. I held a number of meetings with them, and the God of Jacob laid to his mighty hand and set the mountains on fire, and burned out many a backslider and other poor sinners too. I saw some of them yet in the good way, at the Singsing camp-meeting in 1837.

After travelling the mountain two or three

weeks I came home. My folks then informed me that B. C. had been up to father Garrettson's to get the place from me. So before day I started on horseback for Rhinebeck. I arrived at father Garrettson's just as they were going to their 4 o'clock prayer-meeting, at the parsonage on the Flats. When I got to the door a young man named Brooks was at prayer. When he finished we went in—father Garrettson handed me the hymn book; we sang and kneeled in prayer—the power of the Lord came suddenly upon us: some were taken by surprise, and shouted aloud before they had time to reflect whether it was proper or not. Three young women cried aloud for mercy; we prayed with them, but they did not find peace in believing at that meeting. We held meeting again at night: the people flocked out so that the house would not hold them. The three young women all experienced religion, and a number more were awakened—had meeting next night in the church, about a dozen were brought into gospel liberty. We held one again the next night; some females fell to the floor, and a number were blessed with pardon. The next day the men were in groups in the streets talking about what had transpired in the meetings. This falling down was something they could not understand. They concluded they should think more of it if the *men* were the subjects of it as well as the *women*. On Saturday night we had meeting in

a private house, the women all met in a room by themselves, and the men in another. The power of God was present, and the *men* fell to the floor in numbers. That night brother Jesse Hunt came home. The next day he preached three sermons from these words: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation!" They were good sermons, and the Lord attended his word. I remained with this people two weeks, and the good Lord was with us in much mercy. There was a woman who had experienced religion, and her daughter also; they were very desirous to have me visit them. The husband was an opposer, and was much set against me: while he was away they sent for me—I went, and sung a number of hymns with them, and prayed with them. The door stood open; while at prayer, the man's partner in business came in and passed quickly by me, and then turned and went out: this he continued to do till I had finished. When I arose he began upon me very roughly. I told him he was a poor wicked child of the devil, and that if he did not repent and get his soul converted, God would rain upon him snares, fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest, and this would be the portion of his cup. He called me a liar, and said there was no scripture for my assertion; I told him where he could find it. He wished to the Lord I would go home, for ever since I had been in the place there had been such a noise that there was no comfort to

be taken day nor night. I told him I had thought of going home the next day, but now I would let him know that neither he nor his father the devil should drive me off the ground, and I would stay another week. Father Garrettson let me have some clean clothes; so I visited the young converts all I could that week. In this revival a hundred were taken into the Methodist church, and some into the other churches.

After this I went to the Mountain on business. On Saturday afternoon Caleb Horton and myself and some other brethren held a meeting in Peekskill Hollow, at the house of Mr. Tompkins. A Baptist preacher held a meeting in the neighbourhood, intending to dissolve his church and let his members join elsewhere. He had but three members when he was ordained over them, and he had neither lost nor gained any. The Baptist children came to our meeting, and a good time we had; the power of the Lord was with us, and there was weeping all over the house. After this I held a class-meeting, and they all remained. I spoke to one old professor, and asked him how it was with his soul: he said he was full of sin. I told him he must repent of his sin, and get his soul converted and washed in the blood of the Lamb, or he would surely be lost. After meeting, the Baptist children went home weeping; and when the minister and his three members got home, they found the children crying for mercy.

So they established prayer-meetings, and I was afterward told forty were added to the Baptist church. Brother H. and I were obliged to leave, as we had appointments elsewhere.

After this I attended a camp-meeting in Hillsdale, in brother Foster's woods. We had a glorious season, numbers were converted, and some experienced the blessing of sanctification.

The next one I attended was on Chatham Mountain. At this meeting I was very much blessed of the Lord. A goodly number were brought to taste the sweets of pardoning mercy. I returned from this meeting very happy. I next attended a camp-meeting at Haverstraw: this was also a gracious season. When the meeting broke up, I got on board the steam-boat. Night came on, and I sat alone, meditating on the wonderful goodness of the Lord to me. Father Garrettson came to me, and asked if I recollected his giving me nine crowns some twenty years ago at a camp meeting, requesting me at the same time to attend all the camp-meetings I could—I told him I did. He asked me if I recollected who stood by at the time he did it—I told him I did. He then told me that that person had backslidden; and taking advantage of that act of his, had lately demanded of him the money, with interest for twenty years, declaring that he lent me the amount, and that rather than have any trouble with him he had paid it. This was the last time I was ever in the

company of that blessed man of God. He was a kind friend to me. He let me have a little farm to live on while my children were at home with me, and this helped me greatly. Besides he used to send for me to make him a visit occasionally, when he would pay me every attention; sometimes at his table my heart would melt within me to think that such a poor creature as I should be so honoured as to sit down with the princes of the Lord's people. Father Garrettson has gone to his reward—his memory is blessed; and I hope to see him in our heavenly Father's kingdom.

When I arrived at Poughkeepsie on my return from Haverstraw, I made up my mind to go to a camp-meeting to commence on Monday, at the town of Halfmoon. My daughter washed my clothes. I took them very damp, and went on board the noon boat, and reached Albany after sun-down. Went on board the Troy boat; there was on board a young man who belonged to Troy. I asked him to take me to the house of some Methodist, and he took me to brother Brown's, a local preacher's, where I was accommodated. Soon after I got there, brother Cochran came in, and he knew me well. Next day I went to church and heard brother J. Stratten. This was the first time I had ever seen him. After meeting the friends came swarming around me, and many seemed right glad to see me. I asked where they had ever seen me before: "Why, at camp-meeting;" some at one place, and

others at another; and some had been converted while I was praying for them. I spoke to them in a class-meeting, attended preaching at night, and afterward met another class. The Lord was with us. The next day I started for the camp-meeting; the friends gave me a seat in their wagon; we arrived safely, and here I met with many of the old Methodist friends that I had been with at a camp-meeting in Stillwater. I attended another meeting near Saratoga Lake, and another near Saratoga Springs. Here brother Ostrander presided. We had a glorious meeting. At this meeting I met with a number of the preachers. Brother Foss preached from Romans i. 16, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," &c. The weather was fine, and the Lord was with us in power: many were converted. A good sister had two daughters converted at this meeting; she was exceedingly rejoiced, and praised the Lord aloud, for his wonderful goodness in saving her children in answer to prayer. At the close of the meeting they all got into the wagon, to return home. They had proceeded but a few miles when the mother was thrown from the wagon, and bursting a blood vessel, she bled to death. She died shouting glory.

I returned with my friends to Troy, and had a number of precious meetings with them. Old brother D. Marvin went with me to Lansingburg, and we held a meeting there. We went out to old brother King's, and had a

meeting there. Next day we visited families, and returned to Lansingburg. I was so unwell from a heavy cold I had taken that brother M. had to attend the meeting without me. Next morning we went back to Troy. Here I visited a sick woman, who some time before had been powerfully awakened. She was tempted to believe that she was a reprobate, for whom Christ had not died. She had sent for a young minister, and stated her feelings, and asked him what he thought of her case. He told her that she had every mark of a reprobate, and left her without praying with her. Brother D. Marvin found her out, and learning her condition, he offered Christ to her as her Saviour, and prayed with her: and she was shortly after brought into gospel liberty. She then sent for the young clergyman, and warmly exhorted him to seek an experimental acquaintance with Jesus, that he might be better qualified to present him as a a Saviour to the perishing sinner. After hearing her tell her story, we sung a hymn, and prayed with her: the power of the Lord came upon us all, and the dear woman, who was then on her death-bed, clapped her hands and praised the Lord aloud. We then parted, and I saw her no more.

The friends here were very kind to me, and furnished me with some new clothing. On Sabbath I went to West Troy, to fill an appointment for brother Stratten. When I got there I had to go and attend the funeral of a

child, and then return to the meeting in the schoolhouse. I spoke to the people from Romans vi, 18, "Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." The Lord was with us. I left an appointment for the next Wednesday evening. The report of the meeting on Sabbath had gone abroad—a description of the old man that preached, and the noise he made, was circulated, and many concluded they would go to the next appointment. When Wednesday came, I was in Lansingburg, and forgot that was the night for the meeting; so brother Stratten went over. It was late when he got there; the room was filled, and a number were out of doors. As he passed through the crowd, he heard them say, "That is not the old man." Brother S. preached, and had a good time; and he afterward thanked me for giving out that appointment. The work of the Lord broke out in that place, and it was not long before they built a new church. I took my leave of this kind people—got on board the big boat at Albany, and landed at Poughkeepsie; from whence I returned home, and found all well.

The next summer I took brother Ferguson in my wagon, and went to camp-meeting on Chatham Mountain. Here we had a precious meeting, and many were made the happy subjects of pardoning grace. After the camp-meeting closed, we came to Hillsdale, and put up with H. T., and held meeting there.

Five were converted at this meeting, and came out clear and bright. From thence we came to Pine Plains, and held meeting at night. Here I met mith old brother Keeler, and had a good time. Brother Ferguson was much blessed, and he made no little noise about it. The next night I got on my old battle ground, where thirty years ago the Lord gave me a number of souls as seals to my labour—some of whom, I have no doubt, are shouting in glory. We had a happy farewell meeting. After meeting we went to our wagon, and found that some poor unhappy child of the devil had loaded it with stones: so we, like a couple of good natured Christians, unloaded it—got on, and rode to the house of J. S. The next day we reached home.

I went to the next camp-meeting in company with brother F. We had a glorious time. Many were converted at the meeting, and the people of God were greatly blessed. The last night brother T. Mason preached: my soul was refreshed while he spoke from Isaiah xxx, 25. I sat under the stand, and wept and shouted for joy. The word was manna to my soul: and it appeared to me there was enough for all to gather and be satisfied. After the camp-meeting broke up, we went to Greenbush, and had a number of good meetings with our old friends, who removed there from Swago.

During the winter I attended a protracted

meeting at Verbank. We had a blessed season: a number of sinners were brought to taste redeeming mercy. I remained there about two weeks—held meeting one night at the house of L. V.; he was under conviction, but he could not be brought to kneel in the meeting. After the people went away, I exhorted him to seek God with all his heart. I told him to kneel before the Lord, and I would pray with him: he hesitated. When his wife came hastily from her seat, kneeled down by him, and besought him to kneel with her. He fell upon his knees, and that night the Lord removed his burden. Next night held meeting at J. V.'s—a number of us had collected, and I began to sing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." I had not half finished the hymn when L. clapped his hands and said, "Glory to God! my soul is happy." Then we all fell upon our knees, and I engaged in prayer. L. fell across my legs and lay there till I finished. Soon after I arose he got up and praised God. Brother T. caught him in his arms, and went around the room with him, leaping, and shouting, "Glory to God!" The next night, having understood that an Englishman and his wife at the factory were under conviction, I took Doctor C. with me, and went to their house. After we were seated, the woman went to the factory, and called her husband. When he came I began to sing, "Jesus sought me when a stranger."

After singing we all fell upon our knees, and I prayed. Soon the woman arose from her knees, and went about the room, exclaiming, "What is this?" When I ceased praying, she came to me, saying, "Tell me what this means—I feel as I never felt before: all my distress is gone, I feel humble and happy. I told her God had blessed her,—and she shouted his praise. I prayed with her husband several times, but he did not find peace till the next night. Here brother C. lost some of his prejudice against noise in religious exercises. I attended a protracted meeting at Pawlingstown. We had rather a dull time; it was all preaching, and there was not much time for prayer-meetings. One or two experienced religion.

After this I went from Poughkeepsie to Albany, and crossed over the river to Greenbush, where I found a number of children in whose fathers' houses I had had many precious meetings. I got a chance to ride part of the way to a camp-meeting, the rest of the way I travelled on foot, and reached the camp just at sunset. It was on brother Budd's land, in Chatham. The meeting began well, and grew better every day during its continuance; a number experienced religion. Here I found some friends, and a good time we had together. The preaching was excellent, and I was kept singing and praying pretty steadily as usual at camp-meetings, but it was thought good enough for Uncle Jimmy, as they called me,

young and old, white and black At the close of the meeting I felt greatly refreshed. I went home with brother C., and remained with him until the next Tuesday, when brother Budd took brother C. and myself in his wagon down to Schodiac, where we crossed over to New-Baltimore, and procured a wagon to take us to the camp-meeting held in that vicinity. When we arrived I was much fatigued with riding and walking; I rested awhile and then went to work, and kept at it during the meeting: brother Jewett presided. Here I met with some of my old friends with whom I had precious meetings twenty-five years ago; it was a first rate camp-meeting to me. They had me on the stand; I prayed, exhorted, and told part of my experience, while some wept and others shouted. Here I met with some who informed me they were converted through the instrumentality of my poor labours in former days. At this meeting a goodly number were converted, and some experienced the blessing of perfect love. When the camp-meeting broke up, the friends from Hudson made a prisoner of me; put me on board their sloop and brought me to Hudson, where they kept me about two weeks. Brother Stillman was stationed there. I sent word to my family of my detention, and had many precious seasons with the friends in the city and some out in the country. After promising to attend their camp-meeting in the fall, the friends in Hudson let me go, and I took

the steamboat to Poughkeepsie, and from thence went home.

After this I went to Verbank, and the friends took me in their wagon to the Pine Plains camp-meeting. There the Lord was with us. We had a prayer-meeting one night in brother C.'s tent. There J. V., who a short time before this was very much tried with his own wife and another person for shouting aloud, when they were very happy, was so filled with the love of God, that he clapped his hands, shouted aloud, and fell down on the ground, praising the Lord with all his might. My own soul was full to overflowing. I left him, and went from tent to tent, praying the Lord to scatter the holy fire; and he heard, and answered my prayer. I went home with brother B. of Hillsdale, and I remained in that neighbourhood about two weeks, holding meetings, and the Lord wrought with us, and souls were converted.

I attended a quarterly meeting on Saturday: the presiding elder did not arrive in time to preach: a brother preached and I exhorted after him: it was a solemn time. The prayer-meeting in the evening was good, likewise the love-feast next morning. After the meeting broke up, brother B. C. took me in his wagon to brother Reed's, on the turnpike. Here in the evening I had my last meeting in that region. Next morning we started for camp-meeting at Hudson. Brother Reed's wagon was full, so toward day I started on foot.

After I had travelled three or four miles, a brother overtook me; he looked at me and drove on. He might have taken me into his wagon: I think he would if he had had more religion. However, I travelled on, and felt very good natured. When I felt very tired I would sit down by the side of the road and rest. When I came in sight of Hudson, I turned off where they were making a new street; two men were sitting in their wagon eating their dinner, so I sat down on the wagon tongue to rest; pretty soon there came along a young man, who began to abuse the Methodists in a very profane manner. I told him what would be the consequence unless he repented. He then threatened to horsewhip me. I told him to put it on, if that would make him a better man. At this he became more enraged. So I left him in his rage, and went on crying and praying for the dear young man. When I had proceeded about a mile, the Hudson friends overtook me. I rode in the wagon to the camp ground. I was very tired, having walked about twenty-three miles without any refreshment; so I lay down in the tent until the friends prepared some dinner; after I had taken my dinner I felt better; I began to sing, and commenced a prayer-meeting; so they kept me going from place to place, old fashion, praying, singing, and exhorting. There was some difficulty with the wicked at this meeting; they gave out threats, saying what they would

do the last night; but the Lord protected us; there was no special harm done. Brother Jewett presided; it was a good camp-meeting to my soul, and to many others; a number experienced religion. The friends gave me about five dollars. The Lord reward them. At the close of the meeting I took the steamboat and went down the river to Poughkeepsie, and travelled home on foot, 14 miles.

After this, I attended camp-meeting at Rhinebeck. At that meeting my son Ambrose experienced religion. After the meeting closed, we went home together in the wagon. The first day we rode together was, I think, the happiest I ever saw. We had meeting that night at Salt Point, and a precious season it was. Next day toward sundown we arrived at home. There was prayer-meeting that night at the old meeting-house near Vincent in Swago: my son and I started, and by running a great part of the way, which was about four miles, we got there, and we had a great time: five experienced the pardoning love of God. I appointed a prayer-meeting for the next night at Jacob Snediker's; there my daughter Sophia experienced religion. Again we had a great time—there was the shout of a king in the camp—the God of love was with us, I was abundantly happy—two of my children having experienced religion within a few days.

After this, I moved from father Garrettson's land; my son Ambrose removed to

New-York, and I moved into a house belonging to William Potter. In the fall I went down to New-York, and was there part of the winter. I attended a meeting in the old mission-house. Brother Chase preached, and I exhorted after him, and it was a good time.

Again I attended a meeting in the schoolhouse. The friends were in too much of a hurry to close the meeting: several were deeply awakened: I had observed one young woman during the meeting sitting just before me; and as the people began to go out, I walked toward her, and asked her if she wanted religion—she answered, "Yes." I said, "If you will kneel down, I will pray with you." She fell upon her knees, and I prayed for her, and she cried aloud for mercy. When I rose up I found that about twenty-five or thirty had stayed behind, and we kept up our meeting till the Lord converted eight or ten, and three or four experienced the blessing of perfect love. It was about two o'clock when we closed. I went with a number to the house of Tommy Evans, where we sung and prayed the remainder of the night.

After this there was a watch-night in the neighbourhood of the Dry-dock—and it was a good time. The next evening we commenced prayer-meeting at four o'clock in the lecture room of the Willet-street church; I opened the meeting by singing and prayer. While at prayer showers of grace came upon me like a mighty flood. The brethren and sisters shout-

ed with the voice of thanksgiving and praise —sinners wept and trembled; we invited mourners forward, and they came flocking to the altar—we would pray with them and the Lord would bless them. They would rise and praise God, and begin to exhort; then we would invite others to come to the altar —and God would bless them, and so in a short time the Lord converted all that came to the altar. Brother Westfield cried out, and said, "Brother Horton, the stuff is all worked up, what shall we do?" I said, "Let us pray the Lord to prepare more"—so we engaged in prayer that God would send conviction to the hearts of sinners. When we arose we gave another invitation for all that felt the need of salvation, to come and kneel at the altar, and we had no doubt that that God who had heard prayer, would hear prayer for them and bless them. Several came forward: brother Westfield came to me and said, "Brother Horton, the Lord has sent us more stuff, now let us go to my house, and get some refreshment, and then return again to our work." So we went; and at his house there were two young women, his wife's sister and niece. I said to them, "Have you been to meeting at Willet-street to night?" they said, "No." I said, "The Lord have mercy on you; if you had been there God would have blessed you; now, my advice is, after we have taken a little refreshment, that you go with us to the church—go right up to the altar, and I

have no doubt that God will bless you." They said, "Do you believe it?" I answered, "Yes, with all my heart." So they went, and, according to my advice they both kneeled at the altar, and began to pray: and I don't think it was more than twenty minutes, before they both found Christ precious to their souls. We continued our meeting until nearly 11 o'clock, and there were twenty-five, I believe, soundly converted during the meeting. I never saw people get religion so easy as they did that night, except at Croton, when I stood by the big log all night.

So they kept me at it while I stayed in the city—at prayer-meetings, class-meetings—and in the day-time visiting; so that I did not get much sleep in the night; and sometimes when I lay down to catch a nap in the day-time, they would come and call for me to go and visit mourners, or sick persons, and pray with them. So they kept me moving, the Lord mercifully sustaining me by his grace, and giving me strength equal to my work. I led class one night, and it was a great time. A number lay overwhelmed with the glory of the Lord, so that when we closed our meeting, some had to be carried home. After this there was a prayer-meeting in the lecture room; the power of the Lord was present to kill and make alive: there was one young woman in a great struggle—the brethren were for closing the meeting. I tried to persuade them not to do so: I told them I had

strong faith that the Lord would convert that young woman: soon, however, they closed the meeting. So the sisters took her, and carried her out of the church toward home, and I followed. Just as they were crossing Pitt-street, the Lord smiled upon her—away went her burden, and she shouted, "Glory!" A watchman came running up and asked, "What is the matter?" I answered, "Why, the Lord has converted this young woman's soul, and like a little Christian, she gives glory to God." He turned, and ran away as if he was frightened. So in a little while, by the Lord's smiling, the sisters were eased of their load, the young woman walked with them, praising the Lord. There was a number experienced religion that night.

Next I led class in an upper room in Division-street. As I examined the class, they spoke feelingly of the goodness of God to their souls. One young woman thanked God that her parents were Methodists, and if it were not for the Bible, and religion, and Methodism, this world would be to her a blank. She arrived in the city on the Saturday previous, and had been but a short time in America.

After this P. M. and I went over to Brooklyn to an African love-feast, the first time I was ever in Brooklyn; as soon as I went into the church the people knew me; they invited me into the altar; it was a very excellent love-feast; a great many spoke very beautifully of

the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to their souls. After love-feast, they insisted that I should go into the pulpit and preach to them. So I crawled up, read my hymn, prayed, and gave out my text, and in my weak way began to explain. I had gone on but a little before the power of the Lord came down, and they began to shout and jump so that I could not be heard. I stood some time for them to get through, but they kept on, so I went down into the altar and took a turn with them; we could not stay, as we had to be in New-York at a meeting there, so we left them in their gale.

I remained in New-York two or three weeks after this; had good times in meetings, and then left in a market wagon for White Plains. Had a number of good meetings with my old brethren; visited my uncles and cousins, and then went to Northcastle and Bedford, and so on my way home on foot—found all well. I attended quarterly and protracted meetings; one in Smith's cove. Tarried with Warren Williams Saturday night. Bakeman Rosel lived in one part of the house; his wife experienced religion during the meeting, and I found out he was under conviction, so I went in to see him, and found the devil had made him believe there was no mercy for him; his privileges had been so great, and the Spirit had striven with him so many times, that he said he should not go to meeting: I told him the darkest time was just before day, so I went

to prayer; after that I told him he must go to meeting, and when an invitation was given, he must step right forward, and God would bless his soul. So he shaved himself and went, and when the invitation was given he was the first person to step forward, several more followed, and in a short time a number of them and he among them, found the blessing. Rosel and his wife continue to be worthy members. I attended a protracted meeting at Verbank; we had a precious season; a number experienced religion.

In the fall, before the river closed, I went to New-York, and was there and at Brooklyn most of the winter; I made one or two trips on Long-Island. Tommy Evans and I went up to Huntington, on the Island, to brother Chichester's; we had an excellent meeting there. After that brother Samuel Halsted and I went to Hempstead and Rockaway; we had a number of very good meetings. Returned to New-York; there they kept me in the harness at prayer-meetings, class-meetings, speaking-meetings, visiting and praying with mourners and sick persons in Forsyth and Willet-street congregations. At Willet-street church I became acquainted with brother Lownsberry; he took me home with him to his house; I had occasion to step out at the door, and being a stranger, I stepped right off the platform and went down like a bag of feathers, rolling from step to step into the cellar way; through the mercy and goodness

of God it did not hurt me much. In family prayer the power of the Lord came down upon us, and one of the daughters fell to the floor; but O how she resisted the Spirit, she trembled, and cried and screamed, but I could not persuade her to say any thing; we laboured with her until a late hour: that family were always very kind to me. The friends in Willet-street gave me a new cloak and hat, and some money; may the Lord reward them. Brother Joseph Johnson was a very kind friend of mine. After that I rode up to the Plains with Robert Palmer, through a severe storm; got to his house Saturday night. Next day we went to meeting in the church; in the afternoon we went to William Fowler's; there we had a good time. Brother Davis, who afterward moved to New-York, was at the meeting; he was married the night before. himself and his wife were both awakened, and both came forward; they did not find the blessing that night, but in a few days they were happy in God, and continued faithful until they were separated by the death of sister Davis. I was there soon after she died, and saw her a corpse; they said she died triumphant. Brother Davis, I trust, is still holding on his way. I wrote a letter to my son-in-law to come down to the Plains with my horse and cutter; but brother Smith Arnold came with it. While I was waiting for my horse and cutter, the friends found leather, and brother Davis made me a pair

of boots. The Lord reward them. The next summer I attended a camp-meeting at Pawlingstown; it was a good time; a number found the Lord precious to their souls. I walked out one evening during the meeting, a little way in the woods; I heard the wicked quarrelling; I went to them, there were a hundred or more of them, they had a ring formed, and a couple of stout men were stripped to fight. I pressed into the ring and began to exhort them; they cooled down and gave it up. I saw one of them about a year afterward; he thanked me for breaking up their design, as it had saved him from getting badly hurt, or he would have hurt the other man; he said he had never forgot the exhortation, and it had been the means in the hands of the Lord of his conversion. Now, said he, I have got religion, my wife also, and her sister. Afterward I held meeting at his house, and there were two that experienced religion.

After this, I was at a camp-meeting at Middlebush; it was an excellent time. I had been labouring until about twelve o'clock at night, was very much exhausted; I went into a tent, threw myself down on the straw; while I lay there resting me, I heard them in another tent praying with mourners. Old brother Arnold was there; and after they had prayed, they began to sing in a very nice way, all fours, or by note, but they soon found it would not do to be so precise at camp-meeting if they wanted to have souls converted;

then brother Arnold began to sing in the little way, "Jesus my all to heaven is gone, Glory, glory, glory, halle, hallelujah!" and in this way of singing it began to produce effect upon the mourners. Next morning I met brother Arnold, and said to him I was pleased last night as I lay resting me to hear you try to operate in that *big way*, but when you found it would not do, then I heard a man begin to sing, "Glory, glory, glory, halle, hallelujah!" I concluded you had found that the little way was the best.

I attended another camp-meeting at Low-point, in the town of Fishkill, and a glorious time it was to my soul. Quite a number experienced religion during the meeting. Some time before this I attended a camp-meeting on brother Samuel Fowler's farm, two miles from Newburg, and there was a wonderful gust of wind in the time of meeting, but it was a good time: a goodly number found the Lord precious to their souls during the meeting. An awful occurrence took place at this meeting: two young women came with their friends from New-Paltz; they were members of the Presbyterian Church. And there came a sloop, and anchored in the river. Two young men came ashore in their boat from the sloop, fastened the boat and came up to the camp-ground just before a gale of wind. Their boat lay dashing on the shore during the gale. These young men were the suitors and intended husbands of the young women.

The young men proposed to them to go down on board of the sloop. Old sister Marsh (with whom they came to the meeting) found it out, and she told them they ought not to go, and they must not go—as they came to the meeting they ought to stay there until it closed. They promised her they would not go. The young men, however, overpersuaded them, and they went, in violation of their promise, down to the boat, and the four stepped in and shoved off. They had not gone more than half way to the sloop, before they discovered that their boat was filling so fast that they could not reach the sloop: so they turned and pulled for the shore. They had gone but a short distance back, before the boat filled. The young men succeeded, however, in turning the boat over, bottom upward, and the young women got on it: but the poor things were so frightened that they sprang and clenched the young men about the neck, and they all went down together. The young men said, they found they must all drown, and they broke loose from them, and swam ashore. I was in the tent when they came in, and told the sorrowful tale. The meeting broke up the next day. And the dear young women were found standing up in the water, clenched in each other's arms, cold in death. The young men felt very badly—they had lost their intended brides, through their own presumptuous wickedness in persuading them to break their promise made to sister Marsh,

and leave the meeting. Young people, when you read this narrative, consider, have you ever done so? It is to be feared that too many young people go to camp-meeting and other meetings to make associates, and form alliances—and have not God in their thoughts. To trifle with God and sacred things, O how awful! The Lord have mercy on the dear young people.

I will now relate another circumstance, in contrast with the last. There was a sloop coming from Newark on her way to the camp-meeting at Croton, and a heavy storm came on from the north-east. When near Sing-sing, the sloop upset in the fury of the gale. There were two sisters standing on the deck, and when the sloop went over, they were thrown into the river. Their clothes kept them from sinking—and when the sloop righted again, which it did in a short time, they were both thrown into the hold of the sloop; yet through the mercy of God, they were not seriously injured. The hands finally succeeded in getting the sloop to the dock at Sing-sing, and the two sisters, with some others, chartered carriages, and came to the camp ground. I saw them when they came into a tent, with their wet clothes on. I asked them if they were not frightened when in the river—they answered, "No,"—their souls were abundantly happy in the Lord. O the value of religion in times of trial!

After this I had a dream. I dreamed that

I was travelling from place to place, holding meetings. And I came to a handsome green plain. In the centre of it was a most beautiful spring. I looked at it: the water was so clear and beautiful, it was such as I had never seen before. The thought struck me that the angels came here to drink. I thought I would stand and see if any came. Suddenly I was surrounded with an innumerable company of angels. I was in an ecstacy—abundantly happpy in their company. I thought we began to praise the Lord, and were so filled with his presence and glory, that we fell upon the green, and the heavens opened, and the Almighty spoke from his blazing throne, and said unto us, "Humility, Humility!" I then had such a view of the grandeur, and glory, and amiableness of the Lord Almighty, that language fails to describe it. I was so overwhelmed that I shouted, and waked myself up. I was so happy I could not contain myself; I shouted with a loud shout, and waked up all my family. Some say there is nothing in dreams—I think otherwise.

I have received many signal manifestations of the divine goodness in the course of my pilgrimage. About twenty-five years ago I was afflicted with a severe pain in my right side, so that I could not work at my trade more than part of the time. I would have to lie down several times in the course of the day. I was in great pain, and very sorely afflicted.

In this condition I was walking slowly along the road one morning, and the glory of the Lord shone upon me, and around about me: and seemingly a voice spake unto me, and said, "Now if thou canst believe, thy side shall be healed." I said, "Lord, thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Thou hast all power in heaven, and in earth, and I believe thou art as able to heal me as thou wast to raise Lazarus from the grave;" and in that very moment, I felt the power of the Lord to heal me, as sensibly as I ever felt the hand of a person upon any part of my body. My cure was instantaneous and perfect, and I have never been troubled with it since. Glory be to God for his goodness.

Again, a few years ago, I was much afflicted in my head—I thought I would go to New-York, as I was not able to pay a physician, and see if Dr. Reese or some other of my medical brethren there would not take pity upon me, and do something for me. I arrived in New-York on sabbath morning, and went to my son's. Not having slept any on board the boat, my head felt very badly, so I did not go to meeting in the forenoon. In the afternoon I went to Allen-street church: took a seat near the door. I did not know that any of my brethren saw me. I thought perhaps they would want me to go into the altar, and I felt as though I could never labour any more. It was in the time of their protracted meeting. When the sermon closed, some

brethren who had seen me came to me, and said I must go into the altar. So I went and engaged in prayer, and soon felt better. In the evening at the prayer-meeting after sermon, while I was at prayer, the Lord healed me throughout soul and body. I was never more healthy in all my life than I was all through the following winter—there were but eight nights through the whole winter that I was not in meeting. In New-York and Brooklyn I attended in different places. In Duane-street I had a number of very excellent class-meetings. In Forsyth-street a number of good prayer-meetings, and some very precious Saturday night speaking-meetings. The friends at Duane-street were very kind to "Uncle Jimmy." They gave me a new suit of clothes, and a new hat. May the Lord give each of them a robe of glory in the great day of rewards. Thus the Lord has dealt with me ever since I espoused his glorious cause. When he has taken away one friend, he has raised up others to supply their place, and administer to my wants.

In the spring I returned home from New-York, found all well, stayed at home, worked what I could, had good meetings around the country until summer—then I went to New-York again. Brother James Lloyd, and some others, and myself went to a camp-meeting ten miles west of Newark, in the state of New-Jersey. We arrived there and got our tent up about sun-down. We had a

very good prayer-meeting in the tent that evening. The next morning after breakfast we commenced a prayer-meeting outside the tent; the preacher in charge was for having a select meeting. He called on one and then another to pray. I stood it as long as I could, then I jumped up and told them I had been to a great many camp-meetings, but this was not the way. Camp-meetings were designed to bring out the gifts of the church. The preacher wheeled around and went off. After that we had a good time—the power of the Lord came down, some fell, others shouted. I got into a gale, and began jumping: after that I fell, and there was an old man there nearly eighty years of age. Seeing me jump, an aged and heavy man as I was—and afterward seeing me under the influence of the Holy Spirit, he became convinced that there was something in the Christian religion with which he was not acquainted; and from that time he earnestly sought the Lord, and soon found him to the joy of his soul. I saw his son about two weeks after at the camp-meeting at New-Brunswick. He informed me that his father was very happy, and requested him to say to me that if he never saw me any more in this world, he hoped to meet me in heaven. We had no more select meetings at our camp-meeting. It was a profitable time—quite a number experienced religion. I met with two young men who were circuit preachers, brother Felch, and brother Janes, that a few

years ago were school teachers in Dutchess county. There were some friends from New-Brunswick that insisted upon my coming to their meeting; they said it should cost me nothing; so I had to promise them I would come. I went at the time, and we had a gracious season: quite a number found the Lord. Here I formed an acquaintance with brother Collins, an old superannuated preacher. After the meeting broke up he came along, with his saddlebags on his arm, and took me by the hand, and said, "Well, brother Horton, we have had one good meeting together—but it is not very likely that we shall have any more, or that we shall meet again in this world." He requested me to pray for him, which I promised him I would do by the grace of God —and I desired to be remembered by him at a throne of grace. So we shook hands and parted. Soon after that, I heard he was killed at a camp-meeting.

I returned to New-York. And the next camp-meeting I attended was one appointed by brother Maffitt, in the town of Greensburg, on old brother Tompkins' land. There were three tents on the ground. I went up the day before the meeting commenced, and stayed over night with Robert Palmer. He lived in part of brother Falconer's house. Before I started for the camp ground in the morning I went in to see the old man, who was on his death-bed. He kneeled in his bed, and for the last time attended family prayer. I bade

him farewell. About 1 o'clock that day he took his flight to paradise. I have had a great many excellent meetings in the old man's house within the last thirty-five years. The camp-meeting commenced favourably, and it was a wonderfully good meeting to my soul. One night we all got into one tent, and there we sang and prayed, and praised the Lord all night, and it did really seem as if the Lord would bless us to death. At this meeting I became acquainted with John Hadden from Bedford-st., N. Y. He told me if I would come down there he would keep me a year, and it should not cost me any thing. A poor sinner from New-York, who was under deep conviction, kept following me about, asking me to pray for him. I did so several times—at length the Lord heard prayer in his behalf, and converted his soul. I saw him last fall, and he is still faithful. After the meeting broke up I went home with John Hatfield's son. There I found Azariah Horton. I began to sing—his daughter came in with a pail of milk—the power of the Lord came upon her, and I had to stop singing she could not strain her milk. We had an excellent time in family prayer. Next night had meeting at Jesse Seymour's. It was a good meeting. Next day I went to the Plains, and from thence to Abraham Miller's. Had meeting at Joseph Hatfield's. Little brother Webb was with me—I had an excellent time in speaking. After the people went away we

had supper—and then we had an excellent time in the little family prayer-meeting. I retired to rest about 12 o'clock. I had been in bed but a short time, before I was called up to pray for some members of the family, who were under great exercise of mind. Soon after I began to pray, the power of the Lord came down, and three of them fell to the floor. After prayer I arose and began to sing. Presently one after another rose and praised the Lord, and like angels of mercy filled with perfect love, they flew into the other room, where their father lay on his sick bed—clapping their hands, they cried out, "O father, now the Lord has sanctified our souls, and now we shall meet you in glory." The whole house appeared to be full of glory. I believe brother Webb experienced the blessing of perfect love that night. I did not sleep a wink.

The next camp-meeting I attended was at Hempstead Harbour: it was a great and good meeting. Elisha Crawford and some others came over from White Plains, and would take me right off with them to hold meetings in their neighbourhood; I told them I would not go, that my things were in New-York, and I must go there; the only way I could get clear of them was to agree to be there such a day, and they were to have appointments given out for me. The morning that camp-meeting broke up there was an invitation given for all that had experienced religion

during the meeting to come forward before the stand. About one hundred came, and they said that about sixty had left the day before in a sloop for Connecticut.

After the meeting closed, I went to Brooklyn and New-York, and stayed until the day came that I was to be at Greensburg. I packed up my things and went on board a Peekskill boat, and was landed at Dobb's Ferry, and walked out to brother Vincent's. That night I went to fill one of the appointments; it was not a very extraordinary time. On our way back, we saw the light of the Dry-dock sawmill that was burned. I stayed in that neighbourhood holding meetings—had some very good ones; the last one I held was at the house of brother Tompkins; the weather was very warm, and I thought they would use me up if I did not get away, so after meeting I slipped out and went over to brother Vincent's. Next morning he took me in his wagon down to Dobb's Ferry; there I took the Peekskill boat and was landed at Caldwell's, calculating to take a night boat up the river; but when the boats came along they were racing, and did not stop, and I had to stay until the next day. While I was waiting in the forenoon, there were some young men dancing around, who were very careless and trifling, and the landlord seemed to be pleased with it; so I began to exhort them, and they cooled right down, and there was no more dancing or singing while I stayed. When I

came to leave, the landlord was very kind and gave me an invitation to call on him whenever I came to that place. I took the day boat and went up to Poughkeepsie, and then went home, where I found all well. Stayed at home two weeks and then started for Croton camp-meeting, which continued eight days. The people did not seem to get in the spirit of the work until toward the last of the meeting; then it went on well. Brother Waugh (now Bishop Waugh) preached a very powerful sermon; old brother Ferguson was overwhelmed with the powers of the world to come, and so filled with the wine of the kingdom that we had to lead him to his tent. No doubt the Lord sanctified his soul at that time. He hardly dare own it, still he felt such a constant peace and serenity of mind such as he never had enjoyed before. I was with him most of the time during his last sickness. In the morning of the day that he died, I went into his room after breakfast, and looking at him as he sat in his chair, I said to him, "Brother Ferguson, the impression of my mind is, that you will get home before the going down of the sun." He looked up and smiled and said, "Brother Horton, it has also been my impression that I should get to that happy place before night;" and as I sat looking at him I saw that he was sinking away, and the glory of the Lord came down, and it seemed as if the room was full of angels; I said, "Brother Ferguson, the chariot has come for

you ;" he paid no attention, I spoke loud, "The chariot has come for you ;" still he paid no attention. I let him sit as long as I dare. I then laid him on the bed—he soon changed worlds. He was a blessed man ; I do not know that I ever knew a man that possessed more of the spirit of brotherly kindness and charity than he did ; he was a class-leader more than forty years.

My brethren advised me to buy a little place in the neighbourhood where I lived that was offered for sale, as they thought cheap ; and as I had spent a great deal of time labouring in the vineyard of the Lord, and had many friends, they thought I might get enough to pay for it with what we had, which was about seventy dollars. So they wrote the subscription paper, and I started on a begging tour ; I went first to Poughkeepsie ; brother Nichols gave me a dollar, and in all I got about ten dollars there. Next I went to New-York ; there had been so many beggars there before me, and more still coming, that I hardly dare open my mouth ; some few friends gave me five, some three, and others one dollar. I went over to Brooklyn, and the friends were very good to me, and gave me in all more than sixty dollars. I sent it home and went to camp-meeting at Hempstead ; there I got three dollars, and they kept me labouring day and night ; the Lord gave me strength both of body and soul. Brothers Lemuel Green, John Deveau, John Ludlow and myself put up at a

house a short distance from the ground; we had a good time in our family prayer-meetings. There were two young men who came in a carriage from Harlaem and brought their sister with them; they put up at the same house; the young woman was powerfully awakened; she wanted her brothers to go home and let her stay; they went out to tackle their horse, and the brethren started for the camp ground. I went in the other room after my hat and cloak, and the young woman was sitting there weeping; I told her to kneel down and unite with me in prayer, and the Lord would bless her; so she fell upon her knees, and I began to pray for her; the brethren heard me and they came back, and it was but a few minutes before she praised the Lord. Her brothers were much displeased, but some of the brethren told them their sister was happy, and was willing to go home with them; she insisted I must come to Harlaem; she told me her name and residence, but I have forgotten them. Then we started to the camp to have a farewell prayer-meeting, the ground and straw all wet; there had been a shower just at day; I went from tent to tent and asked liberty to have a prayer-meeting, the people were packing up to leave the ground; at length I came to a tent and inquired; the woman said they wanted to have a select prayer-meeting; I began to sing, others joined me, then I prayed, my brethren followed, we had a good time;

I understood the people that owned the tent were from John-street.

From this meeting I went with brother Lemuel Green and some others to Longbranch to camp-meeting; brother Green paid my expenses. I believe we should have had a good time had it not been showery every night. There was no public tent in which we could hold prayer meeting, and the preacher in charge would not allow us to have prayer-meeting in the family tents; we had good preaching.

While I was in Brooklyn, I prevailed on J. Mosier's son Joseph to go to camp-meeting; I told him I had no doubt that if he would go praying, and, when there, enter into prayer-meetings, that God would bless his soul and give him religion, and he would come home happy. He went, and one day while in the Brooklyn tent he cried to the Lord for mercy, and got in a wonderful struggle for salvation, so that it required three or four men to hold him; after a long time, while we were in prayer to God for him, the Lord blessed him, and he began to shout, Glory! But that night he fell in with the old deceiver, and he reasoned him out of it; the next day he got into another struggle, and for about an hour I thought I never saw a person more severely handled by the devil; but after praying and wrestling with the Lord, he graciously manifested his power to save. The young man lay some

time as if he were dead, and when his strength returned, he praised the Lord for the wonderful manifestation of his goodness to his soul. After the camp-meeting closed, he came and gave me a dollar and said, "If I never see you again in this world, I am determined by the grace of God to meet you in heaven;" so I bade him an affectionate farewell, and we parted; it was but a short time before the Master called for him, and he went triumphantly home to Jesus.

One night I was at a meeting in Sand-street church, Brooklyn; brother S. Luckey preached from the subject of the young man that came to Jesus, and asked what good thing he must do to inherit eternal life. After the sermon I went into the altar, and told the people if there were any in the congregation that felt the need of salvation, if they would come to the altar we would pray for them. One woman sitting near the door rose and started to come; she walked part of the way quite fast, she then ran with all her might, and with a piercing scream fell to the floor. Shortly after, her husband came to her and tried to get her away, but she said, "You had better kneel down here and pray to God, and let me be, for I came here to-night on purpose to get religion, and I will have it;" with that he fell upon his knees, and we prayed with them and sung, and shortly the Lord blessed the woman: she went home praising God. On Monday afternoon her husband found salvation: he

was a sea captain. On Tuesday night we had prayer meeting in the school room; the captain and his wife came and brought his sister with them, and she experienced religion; then all three rejoiced together in the Lord.

After this I went to camp-meeting at Hempstead Harbour, and it was a gracious time, especially the last night, when I believe a number found the blessing of perfect love. I returned to Brooklyn with my friends, and had a number of precious meetings with them: the good Lord was always present with us. The brethren at Brooklyn always treated me with the greatest kindness: they gave me the best while at their houses and while at camp-meeting, and I kept at my work singing and praying, and that was good enough for me. After this I came to New-York, and had a number of happy meetings at Bedford-street church.

I stayed in the city until the camp-meeting at Singsing. We had an excellent time of it. Brother Copeland was there from Rochester. He preached, and the power of the Lord was manifested under the word in a wonderful manner. After the camp-meeting closed, I returned to Brooklyn and New-York, and then started for camp-meeting at Long Branch. After the camp-meeting I went on board a boat, and proceeded to New-Windsor. There I got some cake and cheese, and then walked to Newburgh—and got on board a little Dutchess county steamboat, and put up all night in Poughkeepsie. Next day I walked home,

and found my family all well—and that I had money enough, with hiring two hundred dollars, to pay for my little place—my good brethren gave me one hundred and thirty dollars toward it. In the spring my son took a farm to work on shares. After he sold his grain, he took up the note for one hundred dollars. I went to digging my potatoes, and settling things so that I could get to New-York before the river closed. Accordingly I came to New-York, and attended a protracted meeting in Eighteenth-street: a number professed religion. One young woman experienced religion, but she reasoned with the devil, and he made her believe she was deceived, and she got into a state of despondency. Brother Merritt took me home with him to tea, and this young woman was there. After tea I went to prayer. The young woman fell under the power of God, and so remained until the next day. When she came to, she shouted the praises of God, and was happy in her soul. I then went over to my daughter in Clinton-street, and found they had a protracted meeting at Willet-street. So I thought I would go and see, and help them a couple of nights: but when I went there was a wonderful work going on. They made a prisoner of me, would not let me leave, but kept me at it night and day. I stayed with brother B. Hibbard. There I was accommodated with a nice little room and bed. Sister Hibbard was remarkably kind to me.

Brother George and I visited in the day-time five or six families—had prayer-meeting with them, and sung some of the songs of Zion; and so they kept me at it. I visited a sick sister, in Delancy-street, and prayed with her. The burden of my prayer was, that the Lord would sanctify her soul, and prepare her for the heavenly inheritance, and that afternoon the Lord cut short his work in righteousness. I visited her a number of times afterward, and prayed with her; and always left her happy. We had a great and glorious time in the Willet-street church. Some thought there were as many as three hundred souls converted during the meeting. One night a young lady came to the meeting —the mourners made such a noise, and the people shouted so, that she was greatly offended: and rising up from her seat, she went off in a passion. The next night she went to the Mariner's church, and there they had fixed benches for the mourners to kneel at. She thought, as she said, she would see who would be the first fool to kneel at the bench. The Lord met her there by the power of his Spirit, and she was the first one that went forward—and there she found peace in believing. The next night she came to Willet-street church, and the altar was filled with mourners, and there was full as much noise as there was when she became offended. But it gave no offence to her now. She got among the mourners, and encouraged

them to be engaged in seeking religion. The last meeting I attended there was in the basement. There was a young woman who had attended a protracted meeting in the Presbyterian Church: they told her she had a hope, and that all she had to do now was to go on and do her duty, &c. But she was not satisfied with a mere hope, and thought she would come among the Methodists and see if she could not obtain the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. So while we were singing and praying, God Almighty converted her soul, and made her happy in his love. I said to her, "Sister, this is better than your hope of religion!" "Yes," she said, "Glory to God! I am as happy as I can live."

On Saturday night I went up to the Second-street church. There we had a speaking meeting. I opened the meeting, and one who had been a Baptist minister closed with singing and prayer. I saw him afterward in Pearl-street, and had a talk with him. He told me thatin reading the Scriptures he had perceived there was a greater blessing for him than he had as yet enjoyed, and he immediately set out to seek it, and soon found it. He said he immediately began to preach it to his congregation. The church rose up against him: he told them if they committed sin, they were of the devil, and could not be Christians. They disowned him, and he joined the Methodists.

On Monday a gentleman who was at the

Saturday night meeting, was so pleased with it that he sent me ten dollars, After that my daughter-in-law died, and I believe made a happy end; she left her husband and six children to mourn their loss. I then went with a brother to a protracted meeting at the Bowery village church, where a number obtained religion. After meeting I went home with old sister Hibbard, and as the brother above-mentioned and I walked along, he asked me about my circumstances. I told him I was poor—that my son and I had bought a house, and an acre of land, and were owing a hundred dollars on it. He said, "Why did you not let us know about it?" I told him that the times were so hard, and there were so many beggars coming to New-York, that I felt for the brethren: the friends at Willet-street had been very kind to me, had given me a new cloak and hat. I told them it was almost too good for me.

After this I went up to my son's, who had just come home from the country, and I learned that my family and friends were all well. That day I intended to start for home with the afternoon boat, so I bade them farewell, and went down to brother Hadden's. Just as they were going to dinner, there came a little boy in, and said that the brother before named had sent him to request me to be at his house by two o'clock, and that I must not fail to be there. I concluded that there must be something more than common, and therefore I

would go though it was so far out of my way. When I came to his house he said, "Brother Horton, here is a check that your friend who gave you ten dollars has put in my hands for you." He asked me if I had received any thing toward paying what I owed on my place. I told him I had by one friend and another obtained twenty dollars toward it; "Well," says he, "give me fifteen of it;" so I gave it to him, and he gave me a check on the bank for one hundred dollars; so I started to the bank: my heart was so full to think how good the Lord was, and how kind the brethren were, to such a poor creature, that I cried as I went along. I presented the check at the bank, and they gave me a one hundred dollar bill. I put it in my pocket book and went back to the brother's, and showed him the bill; he looked at it and said it was good; his wife saw that my pocket book was old and poor, and said, "Brother Horton, I will give you a better one;" so she gave me a good one and put my money into it, and I thanked them. I then took my farewell, and started for the boat to go home. That night while we were in Haversack bay, the ice met us in a terrible manner. I think there were a number on board who thought they would never see their home, the boat seemed as if she would be staved to pieces every minute almost; the Dewitt Clinton was ahead of us; and had to put into harbour; but our captain kept his course, and pushed or rather ploughed his way through,

the ice coming thicker and heavier until we came within three miles of Poughkeepsie, when we got clear of it. We arrived at the landing about an hour after sunrise; toward night that day, I got a chance to ride home with James Vail. I got home about two o'clock, and found my family well. I went to work on my place and continued until July, when two brothers came in a wagon and insisted on my going with them to a place called "The Two Partners." I told them I calculated to start for New-York to attend camp-meeting at Hempstead on the 7th of August; they said if I would go with them they would carry me to the river, and pay my passage to New-York; so I took my clothes and went with them, and there we had some good meetings. Held a meeting on the old battle-ground at Mount Ross, and it was a gracious time; there were many wet eyes in the congregation. I told the brethren that the Lord was about to revive his work there, and that they must keep up their meetings. In the afternoon we went and heard brother Stout at Pine Plains; he baptized a number of persons by immersion; then we came to brother Tallman's. The next sabbath I held a meeting at brother Huston's. I heard that my daughter and son-in-law had come home from New-York, so I told the brethren I must go home. When I arrived at home I went to work and did up my little jobs, and on Saturday morning I started for New-York; arrived safe. Brother G. Hibbard

gave me a ticket, and on Monday morning I went on board the steamboat and started for camp-meeting. We had a good meeting, though there were but few that obtained religion, considering the number that were present; it was supposed that thirty souls were converted; it was a very precious time to my soul. I returned to Brooklyn; had many precious seasons there with the brethren in class and prayer-meeting. Brother W. Cornell insisted that I must go to camp-meeting at Bridgeport, eight miles from the landing; so I had to consent. We put the tents and all the apparatus on board the steamboat, and he gave me money to pay my fare, and said there would be wagons there to carry me and the tents, &c., to the camp-ground; but when we arrived, there were no wagons, but a good brother with an ox team was there, so I got him to take all on board, and we started. I walked four miles: the weather was very warm and I became very tired; had no dinner. I stopped at a house to get a drink of water, and smoke my pipe. After I had rested awhile, I asked the woman if she would let me have some bread and cheese, so she put victuals on the table. I took some and felt better. She would take no pay for it, so I exhorted her to seek religion, and said it would make her happy; she thanked me, and I took my leave. I told the brother that had the team that I could walk no further, so I got on the load, and as we jogged along I sung him

a number of hymns as he walked by the load. A little after sun-down we arrived at the camp-ground and unloaded the wagon. I put up at brother Bennet's all night: they were very glad to see me, and treated me very kindly. We had an excellent camp-meeting; brother S. Halstead, brother Mann, and brother Hallock, from New-York, were there. Twenty-five or thirty souls were converted at the meeting; after it broke up, the brethren carried us to the landing, and we started for Norwalk. Brother Charles Carter came on board, and insisted that brother Halstead and I, should come up to their protracted meeting, to commence on the 2d day of October. I told him I could not promise. We started then for the city, and arrived at Brooklyn; stayed some time and visited friends there, and then went to New-York; visited my children; had a good time in leading brother Odell's class; stayed all night with him; had a pleasant time around the family altar; then went to my son's, and on sabbath went to meeting at the Forty-first-street church. After service I led class, and the Lord was with us; then I went to Bedford-street, and led brother Hadden's class, where I met with the friend who gave me the check for $100. I spoke to him, and he arose and told some of the exercises of his mind. I told him to hold on, that God would surely bless him. Since that, I received a letter from him informing me that he had found the Lord.

On the 4th of September, brother J. Hadden gave me a ticket, and I went on board for Singsing camp-meeting; walked up from the landing to camp-ground; the friends would ask me why I did not ride. I told them a penny saved was as good as one earned. At this meeting the sailors had a tent, and they soon had it up and hoisted the Bethel flag, and they came to me and wished me to dedicate their chapel, as they called it; so I went: we sung a hymn, and I went to prayer, and the power of God came down upon the people. The work of the Lord commenced in this tent, and continued all through the meeting; there were about sixty souls happily converted in it during the camp-meeting. We had wonderfully good times in the Singsing and Bedford-street tents: there were a number that found the blessing of perfect love; we had great times in the Greenburg tent also; there were a number of persons in that tent who experienced religion. Glory to God in the highest!

An old Baptist man and his wife were at the camp-meeting held the year before; while at that meeting the old lady fell under the power of God, and lay as one dead; her husband verily thought she was dead; he was in great trouble about it, but directly she came to, and shouted, Glory to God! She said the Lord had sanctified her soul, and she was very happy. After this she joined the Methodist Church, and the old man still remained a

Baptist, and opposed her on account of joining the Methodists; but she was determined to come to camp-meeting again, and so the old man came along to see that the Methodists did not kill his wife again. They were in the Greenburg tent, and brother Scudder and myself were there and had prayer-meeting; and, glory to God! we had a good time, showers of grace, and floods of glory, came pouring down, and away went the old Baptist man flat upon the ground, and some others with him. At this time the horn blew to call the people to preaching, so we had to repair to the stand and leave the old man in the care of his wife; by and by he came too, and began to praise the Lord for the wonderful manifestations of his love and mercy; he then acknowledged how he had persecuted his wife, and how mad it made him when she fell, and as he thought was killed by the Methodists; he said he could have taken J. C.'s life, for he was the cause of her coming to the camp-meeting. "But now," says he, "I love him and all mankind, and I mean to unite with my wife, and by the grace of God go to glory." It was an old-fashion kind of camp-meeting: there were not so many lady and gentlemen Methodists there as there are sometimes, but all seemed to be in the Spirit, and were at work in the cause; many experienced religion, and many professed to be sanctified to the Master's use. They kept me moving from one place to another, singing and praying, and so it went all

through the meeting. The last morning before we came away, I went down to the Bedford-street tent, and there it was again, "Come, Uncle Jimmy, sing for us;" so I sung one hymn, and the people came pouring in, and then it was, "Brother Horton, sing another;" and so they kept me at it for two hours singing, talking, and praying, the Lord all the time filling my soul to the very brim; then I went to bid my Poughkeepsie friends farewell, but I had been detained so long that when I got there the people and tents were all gone, so I saw none of them; when I came back brother Cox gave me six dollars, said he did not think of it in time before the people went away, or he could have got much more for me: I thanked him, it would help me very much. After I got to New-York, brother Hadden told me there was a sailor brother had some money for me, and I must call in Cherry-street and get it. I went, and found his house and had an extraordinary time in prayer with him.

After staying a few days, visiting around among the brethren and attending meetings in New-York, I started and went to Norwalk, to attend the protracted meeting, to which I had been invited by brother Carter. When I arrived at the landing I inquired for Mr. Carter, but could find no body that knew him; I then inquired if there were any Methodists in the village, "Yes," they said, "in that large white house lives Mr. Day, who is a Methodist;" so I went to the house and went in,

and said to him, "Are you a Methodist?" He said, "I used to be one." "Why," said I, "are you not one now?" He thought I was an impostor, but while I was talking to him, a sister came out of another room, who knew me, and said, "Why, Uncle Jimmy, is that you?" I said, "Where did you ever know me;" she said, "I used to live with John Smith at the Plains. I have heard you a number of times." Then brother Day said, "I have heard of you often, but I never saw you before. I had an idea that you were a tall slim man." So the old lady got dinner. After which I sung for them, and felt at home; took a walk around and viewed the place; stayed all night with them and had a sweet time in family prayer, then went and visited their daughter that was sick; sung and prayed with her, and retired to bed happy in the Lord, and had a good night's rest. After breakfast in the morning I went to see the preacher, with whom I had been acquainted for some years. From him I learned that the meeting was to be held at New-Canaan, about eight miles from Norwalk. The stage did not go out till the afternoon, so I waited for it and went to the upper village. The driver stopped and went into a tavern, and stayed so long that I got out and procured a paper of tobacco; when I came back to the stage, two young men stood talking. I concluded they were clergymen of some order; one said he was going to New-Canaan. I asked him if he

knew any Methodists there: he said he believed there were some there: he had lived but a short time in the place, and was not much acquainted there. "Why," said he, "are you a Methodist?" I said, Yes, "from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet." He said he was sorry for that: he had rather I had been an Episcopalian, so we got into the stage and went on. He said he thought he could work me over. I told him I thought that would be a hard job for him. He told me that he was an Episcopal clergyman, and had a church in New-Canaan, where he preached. I said to him, I thought their clergymen *read* sermons to their congregations. I told him that kind of preaching made the devil very mad. Once when a number of wicked fellows got hold of St. Paul's old scrips and were going to cast the devil out of a man, they read and read away out of the old scrip till it made the devil so mad to think that they should undertake to impose on him in that way, as if he did not know that *reading* was not *preaching*, and the old fellow leaped on them and tore all their clothes off, and they had to run for their lives. He said, "That is just the way I want to preach, to make the devil so mad as to drive him out of the house." He asked me if I were a preacher. I told him I talked to the people: they might call it preaching, or exhorting, or talking, it made no difference to me. I said, "I have been in this business nearly forty years." I asked him how long

it was since he had experienced religion, but he could not seem to understand my meaning. I asked him how long it had been since the love of God was shed abroad in his heart; but he did not understand me yet. So I told him St. Paul said: "Patience worketh experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed: because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Then he said, "If you had asked me how long I had been striving to keep the commandments of God, I could have told you that it had been ever since I had knowledge of any thing." "Why," said I, "the commandments of God are all fulfilled in love, for thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself, for on this hang all the law and the prophets." But he harped away on the commandments, and I exhorted him to get his soul converted, and his heart made clean through the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then he would be qualified to preach the gospel of the Son of God, and would be an instrument of blessing to the people to whom he preached. So when I left the stage, he gave me a pressing invitation to pay him a visit before I left the place. I told him I would if I could; so one night I put up at brother Comstock's in his neighbourhood; when I called on him, at the house of a widow with whom he boarded: after we talked a lit-

tle, he said he did not believe in perfection, and that he sinned every day, in word, thought, and deed. I told him it was a pity. Then he began to pick holes in the garments of some of the Methodists. I told him I thought the better way would be to get his soul filled with the love of God, than to have it filled with other people's failings. I said I did not come to enter into argument: I came to pay him a friendly visit. After a while I rose up, and said I must be going; he went out on the stoop with me; when we were there he let off his great gun; he said the way the Methodists preached the doctrines of perfection and holiness of heart, was the means of making devils of the people rather than Christians. I said, "O! my dear, give your heart to God, and let him shed the full glory of perfect love into your soul: then with pleasure and delight you will be able to do and suffer all the good pleasure of his will." So I bade him good bye, and I saw him no more. I thought it was a pity that men standing in the place of ministers of Christ, should talk and act in such a manner; and that it was calculated to do more harm than all their preaching would do good. May the Lord have mercy on him and all who stand up in the pulpit to read sermons to the people without having their hearts changed and renewed in righteousness by the power of the Holy Ghost; for without it they are a curse instead of a blessing to their congregations.

The protracted meeting commenced on the 9th of October; after brother Fuller preached on sabbath, I exhorted and closed the meeting. A brother and his wife were there, who were so tried with me that they concluded they would not be at the prayer-meeting which was to be about a mile south of where they lived, so they thought they would go to the meeting that was about four miles off, in order to get clear of me; but when they came in behold Uncle Jimmy was there. I exhorted and prayed and had great liberty, and the Lord was with us. The tried brother went to prayer and it was good, and he and his wife got over their difficulty. The next night we had preaching and prayer-meeting; I can truly say the Lord was with me every minute of the time, but in all the meetings that ever I attended, I don't think I saw the unconverted carry on so much like the wicked one. There was a mixed multitude of Deists, Universalists, Campbellites, and some other professors of religion. After meetings were dismissed at night, they would go off shouting, screaming, and yelling, to their place of rendezvous, where they would hold mock prayer-meetings. I was told they would get an old negro down, and he would groan as if in distress, and they would pray over him in imitation of the Methodists. They wrote advertisements and put them up, setting forth that on such a night brother Fuller would perform, and such a night brother C. Handford

would perform the day of judgment, and that Uncle Jimmy was going to bring Noah with his ark, and all the antediluvian world to view; then they filled a jug with powder and set it off a short distance from the meeting-house; it made a great cracking, but did not disturb me. When I first came, I intended to stay only a week, but they kept me there nearly four weeks; the brethren and sisters were very kind to me. Twenty-five souls were converted to God while I was there, and one professed sanctification, and I left them still going on with their meetings. The friends gave me some cloth and flannel, &c., and a good Presbyterian gave me a fine pair of boots, he said he should join the Methodists. They paid my expenses, and gave me three dollars in money; they brought me down to the boat, and I went on board for New-York. The wind had been a long time from the east and brought in a heavy swell, and we had an unpleasant time of it; some were sea-sick, but it did not affect me at all; we arrived at New-York in safety.

I visited Flushing for the first time in my life, and thought I should find nobody but strangers, but nearly all of them knew Uncle Jimmy. There I found B. Thatcher, and had a most delightful visit and kind reception among the brethren and sisters. One good sister gave me a vest, and another gave me two shillings; may the Lord bless them for their kind feelings to me.

Brother Silliman took me in his wagon to Newtown. I held a meeting, and led class: had an excellent time. The brethren contributed a little to bear my expenses. Next day he took me to brother Mosier's, at Brooklyn, where I packed up my things—and the next day went over to New-York, and led brother Samuel Cox's class, where we had a precious time. A class-leader from Forsyth-street was there. The next morning I went up to my son's, out of town. While there this brother came with his wagon to get me to go and lead his class. So I went, and a blessed time we had. The next day he took me in his wagon to Washington market. I went on board the boat for Poughkeepsie. When I arrived I found my family all well. After I got home, I was much afflicted with rheumatism. I attended two or three protracted meetings during the winter. I was confined at home. My daughter was under the doctor's hands at Poughkeepsie, having had a wen cut out of her shoulder. My wife had two strokes of the palsy. She has been a hard-working woman, and a kind wife to me. I was married the day after I was twenty-one, and now I am seventy-one. My wife has had thirteen children, all of whom, except one, arrived at years of maturity. The past winter my time has been occupied in writing, and I have found it to be a job: and sometimes I have been almost inclined to give it up. But some of my friends in New-

York bound me under such a strong promise to have my biography published, that I felt constrained to try and do as well as I could. But it was a most difficult work, for I never thought of doing it; and therefore I never kept any notes: which, if I had, would have been a great help. For not having them I have had to tax my memory rather severely; and after all I fear there are many interesting passages and incidents which I have not recollected. Brother Remington told me if I would give him the outlines he would compile it for me. So I had it all fixed as well as I could, and came to New-York in April 1838, bringing my manuscript with me. I saw brother Remington, but he said he could do nothing until after conference. So I stayed about two weeks in the city and at Brooklyn, and had a number of good prayer-meetings, and some excellent class-meetings. While at Brooklyn I stayed at brother Isaac Mosier's. They are a very kind family, While there in the day-time, brother Isaac and I would visit the sick, and those that were seeking religion. At one house there were two young women, one seeking for the pardon of sin, and the other struggling for holiness of heart. I sung with and prayed for them; and the one that was seeking religion, found peace to her soul; and the Holy Ghost accomplished the good pleasure of his will in the other. The Baptists got the one that experienced religion, but the one that obtain-

ed the blessing of perfect love, remained with us, and the last time I saw her or heard from her, she still retained the happy witness of the great and glorious work the Lord had wrought in her soul. May God help her to retain it to the end.

I returned home to Poughkeepsie. After conference I came to the city again, to see brother Remington about my book, and then I was informed that he was transferred to the Troy conference, but that his family resided in Forsyth-street, and he had gone to Troy to enter upon his station—and now it would be impossible for him to compile my narrative. And so I thought I had taken all my trouble for nothing. And I felt wonderfully discouraged. I thought it was too bad, after I had gone so far and taken so much pains as I had, that it must all fall through. Well, I concluded, if the Lord were pleased with what I intended to do, he would open a way for me though I could see none. And if not, I thought I would submit, and let it go. With this disposal of the business I went over to Brooklyn, to see my dear old brother Isaac Mosier. I took dinner with him. Afterward felt so unwell that I told the family I would go back to New-York, and for three or four days I never was more sick in my life. Ague in my face brought on the rheumatism and a violent fever. I did not know but my heavenly Father was going to call me to himself. But I felt that I was

ready, and willing to submit to all the good pleasure of his will, and if there were nothing more for me to do in my Master's vineyard, the sooner the chariot came the better. In the midst of my afflictions Jesus was exceedingly precious to my soul. But it seemed the Master did not intend to call me yet, for by the next sabbath I was quite recovered from my illness, and I concluded to go to Second-street church. And while I was on my way I met a brother who told me the people were painting the church. So I altered my course, and went to Willet-street church. There I heard brother N. Kellogg, who had just come to that station. He preached there three times that day; and under his preaching I was wonderfully refreshed. It appeared to me he preached and laboured like a workman that needed not to be ashamed, for he wrought with sharp tools. On Monday night I was at a prayer-meeting there, and a good time it was. The Lord blessed me exceedingly. On Tuesday I started for brother Way's, at Newtown. When he brought me in his wagon last fall to Brooklyn he made me promise without fail, when I came to New-York, to come and see him. I stayed all night with him, had a pleasant little visit with the family. Next day I returned to New-York, and on Thursday evening led brother Hibberd's class, in Willet-street. I hardly ever saw such a class before; nearly all of them are young people, teachers in the Sabbath-

school, of whom their leader is superintendant. May the Lord keep them faithful in his blessed work, and may I have the pleasure and delight, in the great day of my Saviour, to meet the dear young disciples, and their leader, in my heavenly Father's kingdom. On Friday night I attended preaching there. On Saturday went over to Bedford-street church, and attended the Saturday night meeting, where we had singing and prayer, and speaking: it was a happy time. I think such meetings are very profitable, and calculated to strengthen and confirm the young disciples in their experience. It was at one of those meetings in Bedford-street church, that I heard a dear old Dutch sister relate her experience in the following manner: she said, "My bredren and sister, about tirty years ago I used to hear de peoples talking apout de Metodists, and making fun apout em; dey would say, de Metodist dey profess to know dere sins forgiven, and to know dat dey love Gott, and dat Gott loves dem; and dey did'ent pelieve no such ting; dat it was all delushun, and de work of de difil. Put I used to tink to mineself a goot deal apout it. I tought what a wonderful ting it must pe for to know dat dere sins was forgiffen, and dat dey loved Gott, and Gott loved dem. And I said, O, mine Gott, if I could say dat, vat a happy voman I would pe. Vell de more I tought apout it, de vorser I did feel, and so I vent one dey after anoder. Some-

times I could look up to de heavens, an cry mit all my might. I did want to feel like dey say de Metodist feel. Vell, von say I vas out in de garden, an someting say to me, 'You must pray to Gott.' I said, 'O mine Gott, vat shall I say? I neffer pray't in all my life.' Put still it would say, 'You must pray to Gott.' Vell, so I tought I would try: den I got on my knees under de peach tree, an I says, 'Mine Gott, de Metodists dey say dat Gott has forgiffen dem all dere sins, an dat dey love Gott, an dat Gott loves dem, an dere soul is happy. O mine Gott, if I could feel so vat a happy voman I vould pe. O, mine Gott, I vant to feel like de Metodists.' Vell as I vas praying so vell as I could, someting say to me, 'Your sins be forgiffen, now go an shoin de Metodist:' den, O, how happy I did feel. I said, 'Glory to Gott, now I know dat de Lord has forgiffen me all my sins; now I love Gott, an he loves me.' I vas so happy I vanted to tell every body apout it. So someting say to me, 'Now, you must go downto Schon-street, an shoin de Metodist schurch. Vell, I say, 'where is dat? I neffer been dere in all my life.' Put still it vould say, Go down to Schon-street an shoin de Metodist schurch. So I vent, an de Lord showed me de vay right down to de Schon-street schurch. Ven I comes dere I looked up an dere it was sure enough, an dere vas a man vat stood in de door, an he did look so goot I says to him, 'Is dis de Metodist schurch?' den he says, 'Yes.' Vell den I

says, 'You know dat Gott has forgiffen you all your sins, an you love Gott, and Gott love you, an your soul is happy. Glory to Gott! he's forgiffen me all my sins, an he loves me, an I love him, an my soul's happy. I come to shoin your schurch'. 'Vell,' he says, 'come in mammy:' and so I goes in. Ven I gets in dere, O mine Gott, I neffer did see sich a place pefore. Dere vas all de schurch full of peoples; de mens, dey did set by demselfs, an de womens by demselfs: an dey did look so great. Glory to Gott! I neffer vas so happy in all my life. By an by de minister he pegan, an he gifes out de hymn, an den de peoples pegin to sing. An O sich singing. De mens an de womens did all sing so nice. I felt so happy as I could pe in de pody. I says, 'Glory to Gott, is dis de Metodist religion?' So after de preacher vas done preaching, he comes down in de altar, an he says, 'Is dere any pody here vat vants to shoin de schurch?' So I goes up, an I says, 'De great Gott has forgiffen you all your sins, an you know dat you love Gott, an dat Gott loves you. Gott has forgiffen me my sins, an he loves me, an I love him, an my soul's happy. I comes to shoin your schurch.' 'Vell,' he says, 'Mammy, ve vill put your name down for six monts.' 'Hold your tong, I says, mit your six monts. Vat, shoin de schurch for six monts? No, I vants to shoin it for life. So he pegan to tell me dat it vas de vay dey took de peoples in de Metodist schurch: dey try

em six monts, an den, he says, if you likes us, an ve likes you, den you vill pe a memper. Put I says, No, no, none of your six monts—chist put me down for life, so he puts town my name in de pook: an glory to Gott, I an't got tired in de vay yet. An I mean by de help of de Lord to hold on to de end."

It appeared to me that it was worth a great deal of trouble to go to meeting, if there had been nothing else said or done besides the relation of the good old sister's experience, as she told it in her simple way. While she was relating it my soul was filled with love, and I felt as happy as I could be in the body. On sabbath morning I heard brother Samuel Luckey. I suppose I should have said reverend doctor., but I am such an old-fashion kind of a person, I cannot seem to think of these new titles, &c. But he preached good enough for uncle Jimmy without the D. D.; and there was some good old-fashion shouting under the sermon. So that upon the whole I could not see that his D. D. did either good or evil. I stayed all day in the neighbourhood of Bedford-street church—attended there also in the afternoon, and evening, and the word of the Lord was sweet to my taste. On Monday I went over to my daughter's, in Broome-street. In the afternoon went up to Mr. B.'s. He was going to take my likeness. So the next morning, being 4th of July, he commenced. As there had been such a carrying on all the

night before the 4th, firing of guns and one thing and another, and hallooing in Broom-street where my daughter lived, I thought at night I would go up to brother Newman's in Houston-street, to get clear of the noise. But it was like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. For if possible it was ten times worse there than it was at my daughter's house. But for all the noise we had a good and blessed time in family prayer. At a late hour I took my lodging on a sofa. I lay and thought if I could have had some of the money that appeared to me to be so foolishly spent, it would lengthen my cord, and how much good I could be the means of doing with it. Still I cannot say but that I like to hear the people express their joy and happiness in remembrance of the great and glorious event in our national history, which this great national jubilee is designed to perpetuate. And if in the midst of their joy and mirth, they remember that it was by the interposition of a good Providence that our forefathers were enabled to break their yoke, and thus lay the foundation of this greatest and happiest country on the face of the globe, and they are innocently happy in their manner of showing their gratitude, I will not go to say that my heavenly Father is displeased with it.

Next morning I again went to Mr. B.'s, to have another sitting for my picture. While he was painting I began a conversation with

him. I soon found he was a Universalist. He said he believed all would go to heaven after death. He appeared to be a very worthy man. I felt sorry to find him on that sandy foundation. I told him he had just as good a right to disbelieve that there was such a place as Jesus Christ described the world of glory to be, as to disbelieve there was such a place of torment as he also had as clearly described. I told him the Scriptures declare, that as the tree falleth so it must lie. I then told him that our Saviour saith to the Jews, "Unless ye believe that I am he, ye shall die in your sins, and where I am ye cannot come." He said, "Is there such scripture?" I said, "Yes." He said he did not remember that he had ever read it. Then I said to him, O my dear, you must never rest contented while you live without an experimental knowledge of salvation; and when you know that God has justified your soul, then to have it washed and cleansed by an application of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ by the eternal Spirit through which the atonement was made, then you will be qualified for every good word and work. He appeared to be much pleased with the conversation. Then I told him my experience. After he had finished the likeness, I asked him what his charge was. He said, Nothing—only he desired that I would give him one of my books, when completed. So after that I took my manuscripts and started for home with sister El-

mandorf and her little son John. While I was at sister Elmandorf's, I visited two sisters that lived together, who were twins, and were but little short of an hundred years old. On Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, we went on board the boat for Poughkeepsie. There was a neighbour of mine on board, Mr. Joseph Weeks, I told him I would be glad to get home the next day. He said he had a wagon and horse in Poughkeepsie, and he kindly offered to take us out home; and we thankfully accepted his generous offer. So when we came to his houee, he invited us to stay and get dinner, which we did. We arrived at home about sun down, found my family all well.

About three weeks after this I was taken quite unwell, very lame with the rheumatism, and my head so out of order that I could scarcely sleep day or night. I began to conclude that I should not be able to labour in the vineyard of my master any more. The weather was very warm, and such was the state of my health that I had to give up the idea of going to the Hempstead Harbour camp-meeting. But though I was deprived of that happy privilege, yet my health improved, and I had some delightful and happy meetings around Poughkeepsie, and felt much refreshed and strengthened.

Camp-meeting was coming on at Singsing, and I tried to set things in order so that I could attend. So on the first day of September

I found a chance to ride to the town of Poughkeepsie, and I started on Sabbath. They had a quarterly meeting there which I attended, and had a good love-feast; heard brother P. P. Sandford preach two sermons, and the Lord blessed me under them. Brother John Goodsell was there, and insisted that I should go home with him to Newburgh that night; so I went along with him and had a wonderfully good time in family prayer; my head felt a great deal better, had a sweet night's rest; in the morning, brother John read a chapter, and I prayed, and the heavens opened in floods of glory on my soul; I felt a great deal better. After breakfast we packed up and started for the camp-meeting; got on board the steamboat, had a very pleasant run down to Sing-sing, and arrived at the camp-ground a little before twelve. The New-York brethren soon came on. Our sailor brethren hoisted their Bethel flag, and came and insisted on my opening the meeting for them; so I went, and we opened the grand campaign against the devil's kingdom, and we kept it going till the horn was blown to call us to preaching. After preaching, we commenced a prayer meeting in the Willett-street tent, I took a turn or two there, and the fire began to burn pretty freely; then I left and went to the Bedford-street tent; sung and prayed, and got up and talked in my old-fashioned way; left the fire blazing there, and ran over to the Brooklyn tent, where I sung and prayed and talked in

the same style. Then went over to Poughkeepsie tent: there the good Lord sent us a gale from the highlands of glory. Before the gale had passed over, the horn blew for preaching, and I told them we must be good children and obey orders and conform to the good rules of the meeting. So I believe the watchman did not have to come more than two or three times to still us. I lodged in the Poughkeepsie tent that night; the next day, by the time I was well engaged in one tent, some one would come as usual and get hold of my coat, "Come, brother Horton, we want to have prayer-meeting in our tent," so I had to indulge them and go; and thus they kept me at it from morning till night, so that I hardly could get time to eat or smoke my pipe; and at night while I would try to get a little sleep in their tents after I had been so hard at work all day, if I happened to snore a little in my sleep, one would punch me with his elbows, and one brother kicked me on my head, so that I had no rest night nor day; I really thought that if my heavenly Father had not been a thousand times better to me than some of my brethren, I should have been dead long ago; but for all that I love them, and I had the unspeakable pleasure to see many of them blessed in a wonderful manner during the camp-meeting; some professing to experience the blessing of perfect love, and many poor mourners brought into liberty, and made happy in the love of God. One night the Lord blessed me so won-

derfully, and I felt so happy, that I walked around the encampment feeling like a young convert. I came across brother John Hadden. he says, "Uncle Jimmy, where are you going to lodge to-night?" I told him I did not know, as all the tents were full: he said he thought I could lodge in his tent, so I went with him and curled down in the straw, with my wet clothes on, and my head close to brother Hadden's feet; I fell asleep and began to snore, and he commenced kicking my head, said I, "Brother John, this is a curious piece of business to be sure, you invited me to lodge in your tent, and now you fall to kicking my head in such an unchristianlike manner:" he said, "I cannot sleep for your snoring." I said, "I am not accountable for what I do when I am asleep;" but he kept jogging me in this way as soon as I would get asleep and snore, till I found I could not sleep there, so I got up and walked around the encampment until morning.

When the sun was about an hour high, a sister came to me and said, "Brother Horton, I wish you to take breakfast with us this morning, and have prayer in our tent." I went to prayer. And as I rose from my knees, another sister came and said, "Brother Horton, I wish you would come into our tent and have prayer with us." I went, and sung, and prayed, and the Lord was with us. So I had to stay and take breakfast. After breakfast I lighted my pipe, and sat and rested,

for I felt weary after my hard night's rest. While I was sitting thus, these words came to my mind, "Walk in the light, while ye have the light." So I thought I would go to work. I commenced at the Bedford-street tent, by singing and praying, and soon the tent was filled, and there were a number of mourners. Then went to Willet-street tent, sung and prayed twice with them. Then I tried to get into the sailors' tent, but it was so full that I could not get in. On Thursday, being the last day of the meeting, I thought it my duty to locate myself among my Poughkeepsie friends. So I commenced a prayer-meeting there. And while at prayer, the missionary spirit came upon me, and I had to leave and I ran into the Singsing tent, then to the Second-street tent. There I was so happy I could not contain myself. Went to Bedford-street tent, and so around to Poughkeepsie tent—and there kept it up all night.

On Friday the camp-meeting closed. I walked with one of the brethren down to the tunnel, where they were cutting a hole through a hill three or four hundred rods. I thought it was wonderful to see the ingenuity of man, and how he would persevere to accomplish any worldly object. And then I thought what a pity it was that Christians would not take example from the people of the world, in this instance. How many of the people of God in their journey to Mount Zion, the New Jerusalem, the city of the liv-

ing God—if they meet with a difficult hill in their way, get disheartened, and turn aside from it. But these children of mammon, if they come to a hill, and they cannot go over it, there is no turning aside about the business, no, no; that's not in their book. But they go to work and dig through it. No matter about the labour, no matter about the obstacles—if it is solid rock they stop not at that, but go at it with all their might, blasting and blowing, until by and by you see them coming out of the other end. Well, at any rate I learned a good lesson from it, and I concluded that when I should come to a mountain in my road, that I could not go over, I would by the help of the Lord, off coat, and dig through it. While we were going to the boat, we stopped by the way and had prayer together, and were as happy as we could live. In that state of mind we got on board the boat for Poughkeepsie, and stayed there till Saturday night. The Lord commanded me to go to brother Leving's camp-meeting. So I started, promising that I would obey, and continued very happy. Arrived at brother Remington's in Troy, on sabbath morning very early. They were all very glad to see me. At half past ten o'clock went to church, heard brother Oakley preach from Num. xiv, 24, a very excellent sermon. After preaching, brother Whipple came to me and said, "Brother Horton, you must lead my class." So we sang a hymn, and prayed, and I spoke to

the class, and the blessed Lord was with us. After class he said to me, "Now you must go home with me, brother Horton, and stay till we start for the camp-meeting to-morrow. You have been to camp-meeting, and have now come here, and I want you to be as still as you can, for I shall be bishop over you. The Troy tents are all pitched on the camp-ground, and we have set up a large tabernacle, made of boards, on purpose to hold prayer-meetings in. And I shall expect to have you there during the meeting." So on Monday we started for the camp, and I felt as fresh and strong for my Master's work as ever. We commenced and kept up prayer-meeting night and day in their tabernacle, and a number found peace and pardon through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. At this meeting I met with a number of my old brethren with whom I was acquainted forty years ago. Among them were brother Lewis Sutherland, a local preacher, brother Chichester, and my cousin and her husband James Hunt. I took the latter by the hand, and exhorted them to seek the Lord by prayer and supplication, and never cease till God in his infinite mercy changed their hearts; or, if they died without religion, they would be banished from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power for ever. The Lord melted their hearts, and tears ran in streams down their faces, and so I left them. Then I met with my sister's son: he appeared glad to see me. I exhorted

him to cease to do evil. The tears started in his eyes: he said he would come the next day and bring his wife with him. And so he did, and also two of his wife's sisters, who were the daughters of my oldest brother. I talked with them about the salvation of their souls. I told them what Jesus had done for them, and what he was now doing to save them, and now they must close in with offered mercy, and obtain the knowledge of salvation: for God hath spoken, (and he cannot lie,) that "the wicked shall be turned into hell," and it would be a wonderful thing to be shut up in hell, with all the drunkards, and thieves, and liars, and all the abominable from among mankind. I told them it was not likely that we ever should meet again till Gabriel should sound the alarm to wake the dead and call them to judgment. And they must prepare to meet me, for I had not a doubt on my mind, if faithful to God a little while longer here below, I should be in that world of ineffable beauty and glory. "Now," says I, "will you try to meet me there?" They promised me with tears that they would. I bade them farewell, and may the Lord help them to fulfil their promise.

Old brother King, who used to live at Mount Washington, sent for me to come to his tent and take tea with him. I went. After tea he desired me to commence a prayer-meeting there. So while the sisters were putting things to rights, I sung two or three

hymns, and the people came running together. Then I got up and told them I would sing the first hymn that was sung at the first camp-meeting that was ever held in York state—which was, "Salvation, O the joyful sound, what pleasure to our ears!"

After singing the hymn I prayed, and was so filled with the Spirit of glory and God, that it really appeared to me there were streams of light going out of my soul through my body like the rays of the sun. When I arose from my knees a number of the Lord's slain lay on the ground. I exhorted in my way, and the brethren and sisters prayed. Some were made happy in the love of God, and shouted his praise. We went to preaching, after which we had prayer-meeting at the tabernacle—kept it up till nearly twelve o'clock, then retired to rest.

Next day my old bishop gave me a parole. So then I spent the day visiting families, talking, singing, and praying. My bishop laid his injunction upon me, that after evening preaching I should come to the tabernacle. At the time appointed I went, and we had a good and precious time. During our meeting that night in the tabernacle a number experienced religion. The preaching during the camp-meeting was excellent. A coloured man was there from Africa, by the name of Brown. He preached a sermon from these words, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

He told of his preaching to the heathen in Africa, and of their ignorance, He said they believed in a God and in a devil, and that God was so holy, and they were such miserable sinners, that they never could dwell with him, and consequently they would be better off with the devil, who was by his wicked nature more like themselves : and therefore they sacrificed to the devil. He said he was at one of their meetings that was held on a Saturday. There were a great many hundred of them collected. The king and the old priest were on a scaffold erected for the purpose, and there were two goats handed to them. The priest cut their throats, and caught the blood in a dish, and then poured it into a bush, which they called the devil's bush. Then there were two lambs brought, and the priest cut their throats, and caught the blood and poured it into the bush as before. Then there was a row of women by the side of the scaffold, each with a little boy by her side between four and five years of age. After the beasts were dead, they were laid aside. Then one of the priests came down, walked along by the women, viewing the little boys. At last he came to one, took it by the arm, and pulled him away from his mother. The little fellow cried and clung to his mother's arm, but she shook him off, and so they took him on the scaffold : the child cried and struggled, and called after its mother, so that the priest had to call another to help him.

They held him down, and the old devil's priest drew out his knife, and gave a slash into his throat, which did not sever his wind-pipe. He concluded that his knife must be dull, he gave three slashes, the last one they bent his neck back till they could see his neck bone. They then caught the blood in their dish, and poured it into the devil's bush. After the child was dead, they had a pile of wood prepared, on which they poured oil. Then they laid the bodies of the beasts and the child upon it, and put fire to it, and it burned wonderfully. Two men were employed with long hooks, to roll the bodies in the flames. The heat was so great that sometimes their faces would be all burned to a scab. This they have to attend to every Saturday through the year, and this was their manner of sacrificing to the devil. They have no idea of going to heaven, and they conclude that the better they are to the devil, the better he will be to them in hell. He said while those horrid sacrifices were going on he took particular notice of the people who were in the vast assembly; not a smile could be seen, no one talking, or inattentively walking around like some of those young gentlemen and ladies at this camp-meeting. After this he told of his going to visit an old king, a great way off from where he lived. When he came pretty near the castle, he was met by a guard. They told him that he must not take another step forward, or they would kill him. He

told them his life was in the hands of God, and that he must and would see the king. He spoke to them in their own language. Then one of the guards went and told the king, and returned with the king. He spoke to the king in his own language, told him his business, and the king took him into his castle, and was very friendly to him, and invited him to dine with him. When dinner was prepared, he saw that it was a child that they had cooked for their dinner. He told the king that he could not partake of it, that humanity shrunk from it. He then gave orders to have a monkey killed. They cut the monkey in two, threw him on the fire, and so cooked him. There was no alternative for me to choose, and being very hungry, I ate of it, and it tasted very sweet. I told him about Jesus; that he had come into our world to die for the sins of mankind; and that through the atonement of his precious blood, they all might go to heaven. And while he was thus talking to them their hearts would be melted and softened by the Holy Spirit; tears would stream from their eyes; they would throw away the idols that they carry suspended by a string around their necks. He said he had seen cartloads of these little idols thrown into their rivers, and this is the case wherever the gospel of Jesus Christ is preached among them in their own language; that there were a number of the natives that had been converted, and the divine Master had

commissioned and sent them out to preach the blessed gospel among their brethren, and they were going in every direction, proclaiming salvation through Christ; that if the white people would not bring their fire waters among them, it would be but a short time before they would all embrace the gospel; and the spiritual worship of Jesus Christ, and the beauties of his heavenly kingdom, would supersede the worship of dumb idols and the sacrificing human beings to the devil." While the coloured brother was preaching, and relating this history of the heathen in Africa, the congregation were all in tears. He stated also that Africa contained eighty millions of inhabitants, who were thus sitting in the region and shadow of death, and exceedingly anxious to receive the gospel of peace, that the fields were white already to the harvest. "Now," says he, "we want missionaries, school teachers, Bibles, hymnbooks, tracts, and we cannot get them without money."

After the sermon, brother Levings arose and said: "Now we will see what the American Christians will do for the benighted sons of Africa, to send them the gospel, the happy means by which the Lord has brought up our feet out of the horrible pit, and filled our hearts with joy and gladness, and a lively hope of immortality." Then an old Methodist brother arose in front of the stand and said, "I will give ten dollars;" and he handed over the money on the spot. They then took

up the collection, amounting to two hundred and twenty dollars.

On Wednesday night we had a heavy storm of wind and rain. I lodged in Peter Colburn's tent, and lay in the centre of the tent, under the tables, so I kept dry, and there was nobody to kick me on the head for snoring, and I had fair sailing that night. Next day brother Chichester preached as good a sermon as I ever wish to hear. It was the real old-fashion kind of Methodist preaching, very powerful, and plain as A B C, and that's good enough for me. Camp-meeting broke up on Friday, and I returned to Troy. We had a good time on our way back, all the time singing and talking about Jesus. This was a very excellent camp-meeting; I dont know that I was ever more happy! the brethren and sisters were very kind and good to me.

When we got to Troy, I went home with brother Whipple; his wife had supper on the table for us. She is a very kind sister, and she draws the tea well out of the canister. After we had eaten, brother Whipple says: "Now, uncle Jimmy, you have not slept much during the meeting, and last night none at all, you must go into your little room and try to get some sleep." I obeyed, and tried hard to get asleep, but my head and heart were so full of glory and the love of God, I could not sleep. I got up and washed myself, and walked out; saw an old man splitting wood. I asked him if he had religion. "O yes," said he, "I am

very happy." I asked him, "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "Yes," he said. I then said, "If you are so happy, Jesus Christ must have pardoned your sins, for your old priest cannot make people feel it when he pardons them." At that he became very angry. I left him and went into the house; after which I started for a prayer-meeting at the new church. We had a pretty full congregation, and a good meeting; my soul was very happy; I thought I never was in a better prayer-meeting. On saturday went to Peter Colburn's; he went with me to brother Rhodes'; had a sweet time there while praying with the family; then paid Daniel Mervin a visit; had an excellent and precious time with the old gentleman while in prayer; then went to his son Daniel's; he gave me some money and six yards of muslin, and Peter Colburn gave me also six yards. May the Lord reward them. On sabbath attended preaching in the new church; after preaching I went to a Presbyterian prayer-meeting; had a very good time with them, singing, exhorting, and praying. Several of them told part of their experience, which agreed with mine; they appeared to enjoy the meeting well. I was told afterward by a brother, that they were much pleased with my exercises. In the evening went to preaching in the Methodist church; heard brother Oakley preach; it was good enough for me. After which we commenced prayer-meeting, and it appeared as if

the house was filled with the glory of the Lord. I was wonderfully blessed. After the meeting closed, the brethren came to bid me farewell; some gave me half a dollar, others two shillings, so that it cost me nothing going or coming. I went home with brother Colburn, and stayed all night with him. In the morning he accompanied me down to the boat. I started for Albany; got on board the *big boat*, and every minute of the time while on my way to Poughkeepsie, my soul was so blessed of the Lord as I cannot describe. I was led to believe that those who know the most of God enjoy but little, in comparison, of what it is their privilege to know and feel. I came home safe, found my family in usual health, attended a protracted meeting at Smith's Cove, and it was a very precious time. A number experienced religion, and the members were very much blessed. I thought brother Cochran went quite beyond himself in preaching. While I was at prayer, brother H. Williams made a wonderful noise, and in the gale that came down from the highlands of glory, a young woman fell. I then lowered sail and came too, and when I got through they were carrying her out of the house; they took her to a house near by; her mother thought she had fainted, or was in a fit. The old lady was very much frightened, and nothing would do but they must send for the doctor; but before their doctor came, the heavenly Physician administered salvation

to her soul, and when the doctor came she was happy in the Lord. He said they should not send for him in such a case; the Lord must and would take care of his own sick. The next day it was very rainy, but the Lord, the King of Zion, poured out his Spirit as profusely on the dear people as he did the rain on the earth; and walked in his kingly power in the midst of Zion. After meeting at night, I walked home with Thomas Cipher. After being there a spell, the old lady and her two daughters, one of whom had experienced religion the night before, came in. I asked the old lady if she had ever experienced religion. She said, "No," and appeared to be very destitute of concern on that subject. I took the Bible and read a chapter, and prayed. I particularly remembered the old lady, and besought the Lord to meet her as he did her daughter the night before. I had great liberty in prayer. When I got up, the old lady was weeping. I then began to exhort her, and she wept aloud. I then began to sing, and the power of God fell upon her, and she was prostrated. After an hour she came too, and blessed the Lord for what he had done for her soul. Then she was gone again, and after awhile she came too again, and was happy. Then her daughters thought they would return home with her, but she was so overpowered by the divine influence, that they had to lay her on the bed. I retired to rest, and had a sweet night's sleep. In the morn-

ing I fixed myself, and started for quarterly meeting at Swago. Brother P. P. Sandford preached one of the best sermons that I ever heard. We had an excellent prayer-meeting on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning had an old-fashioned Methodist love-feast. Preaching by brother P. P. Sandford, followed by an exhortation from brother Cochran. There were a number seeking religion. I attended a number of prayer meetings around among the brethren, one at brother James Vail's, in his new house, for the purpose of dedicating it to the Lord. Remained at home doing up my little chores as well as I could. My spirit appears as young as ever, but I find my old tabernacle begins to fail. Now and then there is a pin dropping out, and then some of the siding gets loose, and so I am looking that it should fall before a great while. But, glory to God! I have a better habitation reserved for me in heaven, that will never decay or get out of repair.

Early in December, my friend Washburn sent his boy with a horse and wagon for me to come to his house and stay all night, and the next morning to go with him to Middlebush to a protracted meeting, and so I had to go. We got up about three o'clock, A. M., and made ready as soon as we could, got into the wagon and set off; it was a very cold morning; I suffered a great deal with the cold. I can remember the time, since I set out in the Lord's work, when neither heat nor cold had much

effect upon me. I thought but little of travelling forty or fifty miles on foot in the course of one day, and stopping a dozen or twenty times at different houses along the road to sing a hymn, and pray in each, and sometimes give an exhortation to the people, but now the old house, as I said before, is so shattered; time has made such impressions upon it, that I find I cannot stand it as I did then. However, after a disagreeable ride of twelve miles we arrived at the house of J. Washburn, about half an hour after sunrise. After warming and refreshing ourselves, which took some time, we read a chapter in the Bible and had prayer, and had a good time of it, and began to feel better. J. W. and his wife had lately experienced religion. After breakfast we all started and went to the meeting house and had a prayer-meeting there. A great many prayed in the Holy Spirit, and we had two or three warm exhortations, after which we had a speaking meeting; the old soldiers of the cross spoke very sweetly about Jesus, and a number of the young converts spoke and gave glory to God for what he had done for their souls since the protracted meeting commenced. Glory to God! it was a happy time. I always like to hear the dear little, humble, happy children of my heavenly Father try, in the simplicity of their hearts, to lisp forth the praises of Immanuel, blazing and shining with his love as they are wont to do in their days of happy espousals. "Jesus all the day long is their joy and their song." Yes,

and it does them good thus early to buckle on the armour of Christ. I hope they will prove faithful, that I shall have the unspeakable pleasure to see their happy shining faces in glory.

"'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper arches ring,
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come."

In the afternoon Br. J. Hunt preached, and we had a refreshing time. In the evening we had preaching and prayer-meeting; a number came around the altar, and some, bless the Lord, obtained forgiveness of sins through faith in Christ Jesus. I expected to go home the next day, which was Monday, but the brethren put the embargo on me. They said I should not go, that I should stay two or three weeks, so I had to indulge them, and let Br. Washburn go home alone. I stayed with them and had meetings every night, and we had some delightful and happy seasons. The Lord was in the midst of our Zion; many were released from the bondage of the devil. If I had any hand in trying to knock off some of old Satan's fetters, and liberating some of his captives, I suppose he will not like me any the better for it, but, glory to God! my soul was happy in my employment, and I never wanted to please him since I found the blessed Jesus; and besides, when the devil is displeased, I am always glad:

then I think there is a prospect of doing something. I never thought that the devil was much disturbed with nice handsome prayers, though they should be ever so long, nor do I think he has much reason to get out of humour, for they won't hurt any person much unless they happen to have a hard place on which to kneel; but at any rate it is not much in fashion to kneel now-a-days, and it may be that is the reason we have such long formal prayers. Sometimes, however, they do some good; if they don't offend the devil, they quiet the mischievous by putting them to sleep.

One day while I was staying there, I visited Dr. Husson's, and the Lord gave me liberty in singing and praying. After I got through my prayer, I exhorted them all to seek salvation, and the doctor was quite affected; he gave me a dollar, and invited me to come again. One day Br. Pollock took me to see his father, eighty-four years of age; the old man and his grandson, ten years old, experienced religion during the meeting; they were kneeling side by side at the altar; I had a precious visit with them. That night we had a meeting at T. L.'s, and the Lord was with us in mighty power. Sabbath night, the weather being rainy, we had meeting at the church, and there were some souls converted. On Tuesday I rode up to Hussontown; went to meeting that night to Br. Smith's; the last meeting I attended with them was on Thursday night; went home with Br. B.; stayed all night with him. I think I

never was with a more humble happy people than they were, and I was wonderfully blessed with them, they kept me till the river froze up, then they gave me five dollars to pay my fare to New-York. This was on the 28th of December. Then J. Bates took me two miles below Fishkill, and I travelled the remainder of the day on foot. I came to Br. M.'s and had not been there long before Br. Law from Cold Spring came in: he had a protracted meeting that week, and nothing would do but I must go with him three miles into the highlands. I had then been labouring day and night for nearly four weeks, and tried hard to get off, but there was no let up, and I had to go; so I started with him and we travelled on: when we came to the steepest hills he helped me along, for I was already used up, having walked so much that day. At last we got to the place of meeting: after I had rested a little, I went to work in the name of the Lord, and the Master was with us; we had a refreshing season; my soul and body were refreshed, and I did not feel the least weariness, for the love and fire which Jesus kindled up in my soul drove it all away. The people said I must not leave until Monday: that night I stayed with Br. H., next night had prayer-meeting again; had an excellent time. Br. R. H., a local preacher, came to me, and said he was wonderfully glad to see me in the mountain once more; he said they were going to hold a watch-night in their new church, and tomorrow I shall come and take you up to my

house. So on sabbath I tried to preach to the people in the mountain: we had an excellent time. While I was speaking in the name of the Lord, some wept and some shouted. After I had preached, Br. Law gave an exhortation, and the good Lord helped. Then we had a speaking meeting, and a number spoke very sweetly of the love of Jesus. In the evening we had meeting again; the house was so full that we had no chance to get mourners forward. I have no doubt there were a number deeply awakened who would have been glad of an opportunity to present themselves publicly for prayers. After meeting I went home with R. H.; stayed all night with his family; they were very kind to me. On Monday afternoon Br. Donnelly, the preacher in charge, came there to be present at the watch-night to be held in the new church that night. Before we started for meeting, Br. Nelson from Cold Spring came to get some one to help at their watch-night meeting, and wanted me to go with him, but it had been given out on Sunday that I was to be at the watch-night at the new church, and so many people had heard of Uncle Jimmy, who had never seen him, that I concluded that it would not be the fair thing to disappoint them, and therefore had to refuse Br. Nelson. I felt sorry to have to do it, for he had come six miles for no other purpose than to get me to go with him up to their meeting; so I told him he might give out an appointment or me on Tuesday evening, that being new-

year's night, if Br. H. would take me up, to which he agreed. So on Monday night we had our watch-night, and it was a precious season; the good Lord blessed us so that we forgot all about the hour of twelve o'clock, and when some of the brethren came to look at the clock, behold, it was almost one; so I concluded the new year had stolen a march on us, and while we were singing and praying the old year out, he came in unnoticed.

Next night, according to agreement, I went to Cold Spring and held meeting in their church; having laboured very hard and being considerably worn down, I thought it would be best for Br. Hopper to preach; and when he announced his text, behold, it was the very same passage of Scripture from which I had intended to preach: "But now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." After he got through I took a turn, and the Lord led me to tell my experience and exhort the people never to rest short of the blessing of holiness, and we had a good time. Br. Nelson desired me to stay a week or two with them, but I was impressed to return with my good Br. Hopper; I did so, and had an excellent time in family prayer that night, and went to bed about one o'clock. Next morning the Lord gave us a family blessing while we were engaged in prayer: after breakfast Br. Hopper sent his boy with a sleigh to take me to Peekskill. The brethren there were holding a pro-

tracted meeting, and hearing that I was coming, were on the look out for me, but I concluded I had stayed so long, holding meetings in different places, that I must push on for New-York; so I requested the boy to take me some distance below the village. After I left the sleigh, I travelled on foot very good naturedly until I came to Squire Anderson's, near the old camp-meeting ground at Croton; there I found Br. John Urmy's daughter and her husband, Br. A.'s son. They were wonderfully glad to see me; so they said, "Now, Br. Horton, you must stay here to-night, we are going to have meeting here." At the appointed time the people came together and filled the room, and I had to try to preach a little in my way; I took these words for my text: "But now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." I was wonderfully blessed while speaking; I think I never had greater liberty in preaching in my life. After the sermon was ended, I told the people we would have a little love-feast. A number spoke sweetly of the love of Jesus. "Now," said I, "let us have a little praying." A number of the brethren prayed, and the Spirit of the Lord was there to bless. After this, the friends gave me some money to help me on my way. Next morning Br. Anderson took me in his sleigh as far as Quaker Bridge. I stopped at the house of a good sister on the way to rest a little; she gave me an excellent dinner, and I had a pre-

cious season in praying with the family. After resting, I bade them farewell and proceeded to Singsing. I stopped at Br. J. Urmy's; the friends had commenced a protracted meeting the day before. We went to meeting that night; Br. Vandusen preached; a number were at the altar during prayer-meeting, three of whom found peace and joy in believing. I went home with Br. Isaac Smith, and had a happy time in family prayer night and morning. Next night Br. Clark preached from these words: "The life which I now live in the flesh, is by faith in the Son of God." A sweet sermon, after which we had a prayer-meeting, during which ten or twelve persons found the blessing of pardon, and were happy in the love of God. My soul was very happy, glory be to God; I felt as young as I did when I first set out. Among those converted was the daughter of Br. I. S. The next day Br. Isaac took me in his sleigh to Tarrytown, to a quarterly meeting; there I met with a number of my good old brethren, and had a most excellent prayer-meeting on Saturday evening. I prayed and exhorted three or four times, and was wonderfully blessed. Next morning, being sabbath, had a love-feast; it was a refreshing season; that night Br. Crosby took me in his cutter to Greenburg, on the old battle-ground. We had meeting in the school-house; there I sung, prayed, and exhorted: the people of God shouted, and it was a happy time. Next night we had a meeting at Br. Lozee's; it was Br. Sillick's

appointment to preach, but he and the brethren insisted that I should go at it, so I had to gratify them; and the Lord helped me in my old way to speak to the people in his name: the Lord blessed it to them, many were made very happy, and some shouted aloud. I told them I liked to hear the Lord's people shout glory: that was *grammar*. The next night I had to try again at the house of Br. Sillick; sung, exhorted, and prayed; the Lord was present in mercy to bless us. Next day one of the brethren took me in his wagon over to White Plains: stopped at Br. D. Miller's; all very glad to see me; took dinner with them; Br. Miller took me in his wagon to widow Sandford's, at Mamaroneck. In the evening we went to the church, where there was a protracted meeting in progress. I fell in with Brs. Osborn and Chamberlain, and had a good time that night. After meeting I went home with Br. Foshay, on the Neck, in company with Br. Osborn—had family prayer, during which Br. Foshay was so filled with the love of God that he shouted aloud. I stayed with the brethren here about a week, and had meeting. During the sabbath all the meetings were lively, harmonious, and precious to my soul—a number of precious souls were happily converted. On Wednesday I took my leave of these dear friends: they gave me money to pay my fare to New-York. When I arrived in the city, I saw Br. G. Hibberd. He took me with him to his wife's uncle up town, where we took

tea, and had an agreeable visit. That night I led Br. G.'s class, and had a good old-fashioned time.

I then went over to Bedford-street, and visited among the brethren, sung and prayed, and had a very pleasant time. On Sunday evening, after meeting closed in the church, as the people were retiring, I sung. After I had sung, they wished me to relate my experience, and I had to comply with their wishes. The Lord blessed me in it. Glory be to God! the Lord awakened one young woman while I was telling my experience. In a short time she was happily converted, and came out very bright; so the Lord is pleased to make use of very weak instruments in saving souls. On Tuesday evening I led brother Seeley's class. While speaking to the members, I came to a young woman that was at the altar not long since, with feathers in her hat; but she had taken down her sign, the feathers were gone. I spoke to her, and she arose and said she was determined to seek the Lord while she had breath. I told her she would not go far before she would find him; so after I had got through, while Br. S. was going around with his book, I went to the young woman and began to sing, "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed," and she got in a great struggle of mind. Says I, "Kneel down and I will pray with you;" so she fell upon her knees, and I prayed with her: after which I began to sing, and the power of the Lord fell upon her, and she soon

lost her strength; she was gone a few moments only, and then came too very happy, and praised the Lord for his wonderful mercy to her soul. Then I said, "Let us thank the Lord for what he has done;" so I kneeled down and praised, and blessed, and thanked the Lord, and gave him all the glory. After I had prayed, she began and prayed like an old Israelite, and it was a time long to be remembered.

After this I came over to my daughter's, and attended at Willet-street a number of times during the protracted meeting held there. One night there was a young woman at the altar, and continued there during the prayer-meeting. After meeting was dismissed, I kneeled down by her, and felt unwilling to let her go before she experienced religion. I prayed for her several times, and the Lord converted her soul. After she had experienced the blessing, I looked up, and behold all the brethren had left the altar, and were warming themselves around the stoves, (it was a very cold night,) but I had not had time to get cold. I had a number of pleasant and happy meetings with the brethren there. One night I went to brother Peter McNamara's class, and there we had a happy time. Floods of glory, and light, and heaven came pouring in upon us from the upper world. I visited some other classes also. I attended a prayer-meeting in Eldridge-street, at the house of brother Hedges. The King of glory was

present, and blessed us so that our little cups ran over, and we shouted the praises of Jesus. That night I was as happy in my soul and body as I could well be. Next morning I went to Hester-street to visit an old gentleman that was sick with the consumption. I visited him a few days before: at that time he said he did not feel quite satisfied with his experience—his mind was not as clear as he desired to have it. I had exhorted him to seek the Lord with all his heart, telling him that God would dissolve his whole soul in love. I found him at this visit more comfortable. I asked him if he had received any good news from above. The tears started in his eyes. I then read to him from the Psalms, sung and prayed, and it was a refreshing season to the old man, his wife, and children, and myself: so I bade him good bye.

Having now, by the blessing of God, brought my narrative to a close, but little remains for me except to trim my lamp and see that my vessel is well supplied with oil, so as to be ready for my departure when my Jesus shall call for me to come home to my heavenly mansion. I feel an assurance that it will not be long before I shall go up to the city above, and see the King in his beauty. I am now past seventy years old, and through the abounding goodness of my God, I am this day moving onward to the heavenly land; and though I have passed through a great many trials during the forty years I have been on my

journey, the Lord has been a present help to me since the day I gave my heart to him, so that I may most joyfully sing,

"Here I'll raise my ebenezer:
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home."

Bless the Lord, I have not a doubt in my mind, but by his grace I shall reach the fair climes of ineffable beauty, and see all my Father's children gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and with them shine to the praise of his glory to all eternity, and gaze with rapturous love upon the beauty of Him that sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever. I expect the greatest wonder that will be there, will be that such a great sinner as I have been washed and made clean through the blood of the Lamb, and presented before the throne as a trophy of grace. But such is the good pleasure of my heavenly Father, for Jesus hath loved me, and given himself for me. Hallelujah for ever and ever!

And now, in conclusion, I pray the Lord Jesus Christ, that this book may be made a blessing to all into whose hands it may fall. This is my sincere and humble prayer to Almighty God.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

When for the eternal world we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
A sinful world behind us lies;
My soul for joy then claps her wings,
And in her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu, &c.

But soon the raging storms appear,
And reason dreads some danger near;
Hope sits aloft while storms prevail,
Faith minds the helm, love reefs the sail;
When every needful thing is done,
In prayer to Christ that instant run,
Good Lord, save me, &c.

Succeeding days and nights go on;
Faith sometimes thinks the passage long;
But resignation says, You know
Your patience you should ne'er let go,
But by all means to make more sail,
And exercise your utmost zeal,
To make heaven sure, &c.

Thus toss'd by tempest to and fro,
And where she's drifting scarcely know;
Although the raging storms prevail,
The faithful compass does not fail;
Again the weather's calm and clear,
And waves subside and stars appear,
Thanks be to God, &c.

Every needful means she tries
To force her passage to the skies;
Truth navigation say you'll find,
This world is left so far behind,
That Canaan's coast must be near,
Look out for land and do not fear,
For heaven is sure, &c.

Triumphant faith the hills explore,
On Canaan's high eternal shore;
The tree of life, the pasture green,
The golden streets, and crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
Again her heavenly sonnet sings,
Glory to God, &c.

The nearer that she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady course and well-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil,
Again for joy she claps her wings;
And loud her heavenly anthem sings,
On Canaan's shores, &c.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

SECOND PART.

Through cold winds and storms, o'er mountains I'll go,
I'll follow my Saviour, I'll leave all below,
For here is no city for me to repair,
I'll follow my Saviour, he's answer'd my prayer.

How often my mind will revisit the bower
Where sweetly I've linger'd for many an hour,
How sweet were the joys I tasted while there,
Since Jesus first found me and answer'd my prayer!

Although I may never return to that shade,
Yet I will remember the vows I have made;
And though at a distance my mind will be there,
To the place where my Saviour first answer'd my prayer.

Though far from my home I'll continue to pray,
And seek for protection by night and by day,
Till I in his kingdom his glory do share,
Enjoying for ever the answer to prayer.

APPENDIX.

[The printer had no means of determining the proper place for what follows: it is therefore added as an Appendix.]

Brother Billy Hibbard engaged me to go with him around the circuit. He asked me how much I could earn at my trade: I told him. "Well," he said, "come with me, and I will engage that you shall have your full pay." So I agreed to go with him, and was to meet him at Peter Eames's. Brother Forbeson lent me his horse, and I started, much depressed in spirit. Brother Hibbard preached that night from Matt. 2d chapter and 13th verse. I believe the Lord directed him to take that text for me, for while he was preaching from it I was very much blessed, and delivered from my depression of mind.

The next morning we started for the next appointment, in Dover; held meeting in the afternoon, but few came out. Brother Hibbard preached. At night there was a meeting in the white church at Dover, and we had a very good time; some souls awakened. I stayed all night with J. B. Wheeler. Next day had a good time at Ebenezer Soles; then went to Towerhill: held meeting at night, had a crowded house. Brother Hibbard preached an excellent sermon, after which I exhorted, and it was a precious time. The

Lord poured out his Holy Spirit upon the people in a wonderful manner. Then we went to Oblong, and held meeting at brother V.'s. We had a very good time; there were but few Methodists, but the Lord multiplied the number. We then went to Pine Swamp, in Connecticut: here we found a lively people. Brother H. preached, and I exhorted, and we had the shout of a king in the camp. Next night, in Sharon-hollow: here we had a thronged house. Brother H. preached a powerful sermon: I exhorted, I was so overwhelmed with the glory of God, that I wept over the congregation, and the power of the Lord came down upon the people; they began to scream and cry aloud for mercy, and, glory to God! five professed to experience religion: numbers went home with sorrowful hearts, and soon after they found peace. A few years since, brother Pearce and myself put up all night at the house of brother M'Kims, where this meeting was held. They were wonderfully glad to see me; they still remembered the meeting. The old man told me, that when he was married he was very poor—he hired with a man for a year, and when the year was up he had five dollars saved. He put that out at interest. After that he bought about an acre of land, put up a little log-house, and kept at work, and the Lord blessed his labour. After a while the Methodist preachers came along, and he went to hear them, and for the first time in his

life, heard the glorious doctrine of free grace: the word of grace fastened on his heart. He had heard the contrary doctrine, but it had no effect to draw his heart to God; but in this blessed sound of salvation to all, he felt that he was interested, and he sought the Lord with all his heart, and soon obtained the knowledge of salvation. He then erected the family altar; the Lord awakened his dear wife, and she soon found the blessing of pardon; and all his children, as they grew up one after another, were brought into the fold of Christ. His wife and some of his children had died happily in the Lord, and he had committed them to the tomb with the joyful hope of meeting them again. His house had been a preaching place for a number of years. His wicked neighbours used to say the Methodists would eat him up. "But," said the old man, "glory to God! they have not eat me up yet; for, to the utter astonishment of my neighbours, who were so anxious on my account, instead of being empoverished, as they supposed I must be, by the blessing of the Lord, I have added to my solitary acre of ground nearly five hundred; and all my children that are living are doing well;" and with tears of gratitude in his eyes, he said, "I owe it all to God, through the instrumentality of Methodist preaching."

Brother Hibbard and myself went to visit the family of sister T. They were a remarkably happy family; they were what we then

called laughing Methodists. I have seen them in time of meeting laughing heartily, while the tears of joy were running down their faces. We had a very pleasant visit. After this we held meeting at brother Stephens', in New-Marlborough. Brother H. preached a powerful sermon; I exhorted, and closed the meeting with prayer. It was a precious time. After meeting there were some infidels who entered into controversy with brother Hibbard. One said it was unreasonable to believe any thing that he could not see. "O yes," brother H. said he could make him believe something that he had never seen. "No:" he still persisted that he would not believe what he could not see. "Well then," says brother H. "do you not believe that you have a back bone?" "Yes," he said he knew that he had a back bone. "Then," said brother H., "you believe in one thing that you have not seen, and I hope you never will see it." So when they found that their champion was caught in his own trap, they hauled off; and so the dispute ended. That night I fell in with a man and a woman, at the house where I put up. I asked them if they had religion, and perceiving by their answers that they were strangers to it, I exhorted them to seek the salvation of the Lord, and went to prayer; and the power of the Lord got hold of their hearts. They cried aloud for mercy. I continued to wrestle all night with them in singing and prayer. Neither of them was

enabled to believe, but in a very short time after, they found the Lord. I afterward saw them at a camp-meeting at North Canaan; they were on their way to glory.

After holding meetings at Mount Washington we returned to Salisbury. Owing to some misunderstanding, about the appointment, there were but few people out. So brother H. said I must conduct the meeting. I exhorted, sung and prayed, and the heavens opened, and floods of glory came down upon us. From that time religion began to revive in that place. I have had many precious meetings there. At night we started for Reiley's school-house, where brother Hibbard preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. After he had finished I exhorted, and closed with prayer, and there was a general move in the congregation: and from that time religion has been on the increase in that place. They afterward built a fine church there. We then went to Mount Ross, and held meeting, and thence to the Slate Quarries. The people here were nearly all Welsh. They were an humble, happy, people. After preaching and exhorting, some of the Welsh brethren and sisters prayed and sung in their own language. It was as sweet to my soul as honey and the honeycomb. In the class meeting they spoke very beautifully about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I felt to praise the Lord that these dear people from a foreign land, by his providence had been

permitted to live in a society together, and had been brought nigh by the blood of Christ. And I loved them with a pure heart fervently.

On sabbath we went to Rhinebeck, and held meetings at the Flats, and it was a refreshing time. After meeting, we went to Rev. F. Garrettson's, held a number of meetings through the week in the village, and at Red Hook. Some were awakened by the divine Spirit. On Friday we left Rhinebeck. In the evening we held meeting at the house of John Hall, in the Quaker neighbourhood, and the Lord was with us. The next day we parted. I had fulfilled my engagement, and according to agreement, I was to have fourteen dollars, being the amount of what I could have earned in the two weeks at my trade. Brother Hibbard had told me if I would go with him around the circuit he would give me as much as I could make during the time at my trade. He received some from one brother and some from another, on our route, and handed it all to me. And instead of fourteen there were twenty-nine dollars. I said it was too much, he had only agreed to give me fourteen. But he said it was all right, and made me take the whole. Brother Hibbard said, "Brother Horton, you told the people they might be *seft* if they would. I should like to know what you meant by it." I told him I meant that they might all be saved if they would. He laughed a little at my grammar,

but was very well pleased with my labours, and so we parted. After this brother Sombo and I went to Pawlingstown, and held meeting on Saturday evening, and also Sunday, at brother Pearce's. The house was crowded with people, and it was a melting season. Squire Pearce was a whole-hearted Methodist. The way the old gentleman became awakened and converted was this: he attended court at Poughkeepsie—he left his horse at brother Haywood's on Friday night, and on Saturday morning he came for him. And while he was there brother Thatcher attended family prayer. During prayer the squire's former views of doctrine were very much changed. Before he went away he invited brother Thatcher to preach at his house. He said he might give out an appointment for him at a certain time. So the squire gave out word that there would be preaching at his house. According to agreement, brother Thatcher went and preached. Shortly after the old squire was converted and brought up out of that region of darkness and doubts in which he had been educated, into the principles of Methodism, and became a zealous and powerful advocate and defender of the doctrines of free grace. Then the work began to spread there. Some of his children experienced religion. His daughter, Mrs. Holly, and his son Henry, united with the Methodists, and another son that experienced religion shortly after, went to work and raised a meeting-house;

but bless the Lord, the fire that was kindled in the old squire's heart, and in the hearts of his children, continues to spread in that region to this day, and many waters cannot quench it. About a year since, they held a protracted meeting in a school-house. The Lord poured out his Holy Spirit, and about one hundred souls were converted. Since then they have built a new church.

At the time when the squire came out for God, the Methodist preachers and people were very much despised by all orders and denominations. Their doctrines were thought abominable. The priests lifted up the cry against them, and in the name of the Lord warned their flocks against them. They called them wolves in sheep's clothing. And they were afraid their pernicious doctrines would deceive the elect. They warned the people not to hear them on any account, for they were a parcel of deceivers. Even the Friends united with them. They called them hirelings and deceivers of the people. But glory to God! in spite of all they could do or say against them and the doctrines they preached, the Lord awakened souls, and hundreds were made happy in the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. And blessed be the Lord, I have lived to see the day that through the influence of the *delusive* doctrines, free grace, as the priests were pleased to term them, these same priests have had to lay aside their favourite doctrine. Predes-

tination wont go in these days. Glory to God that Uncle Jimmy has lived to see the day when the doctrines once despised by the priests are sounding forth from the pulpits of almost all orders of people, and the work of reformation is going on. Hundreds and thousands of souls are awakened and converted under this, as they used to call it, "blasphemous doctrine." And now all hands are to work in the protracted meetings with Methodist tools. And the universal cry is, "Why dont you come and hear our ministers? They preach just like the Methodist preachers—they preach that Christ died for all." and whether the priests really believe the doctrine of free grace or not, the Lord blesses the truth, and the people are blessed by it. And thousands have now a *know-so* religion instead of a mere *hope-so*. Yes, bless the Lord, many can tell the time when, and the place where they obtained it.

I was told once by a man that I was a clasphemer, and that I was not fit to run at large—I ought to be put in prison, and kept there, because I told him that God for Christ's sake had forgiven me all my sins. But now, glory to God in the highest, the Methodists are not alone in this "blasphemous delusion." I hear Baptists and Presbyterians talking the same as the Methodists about experimental religion.

THE END.

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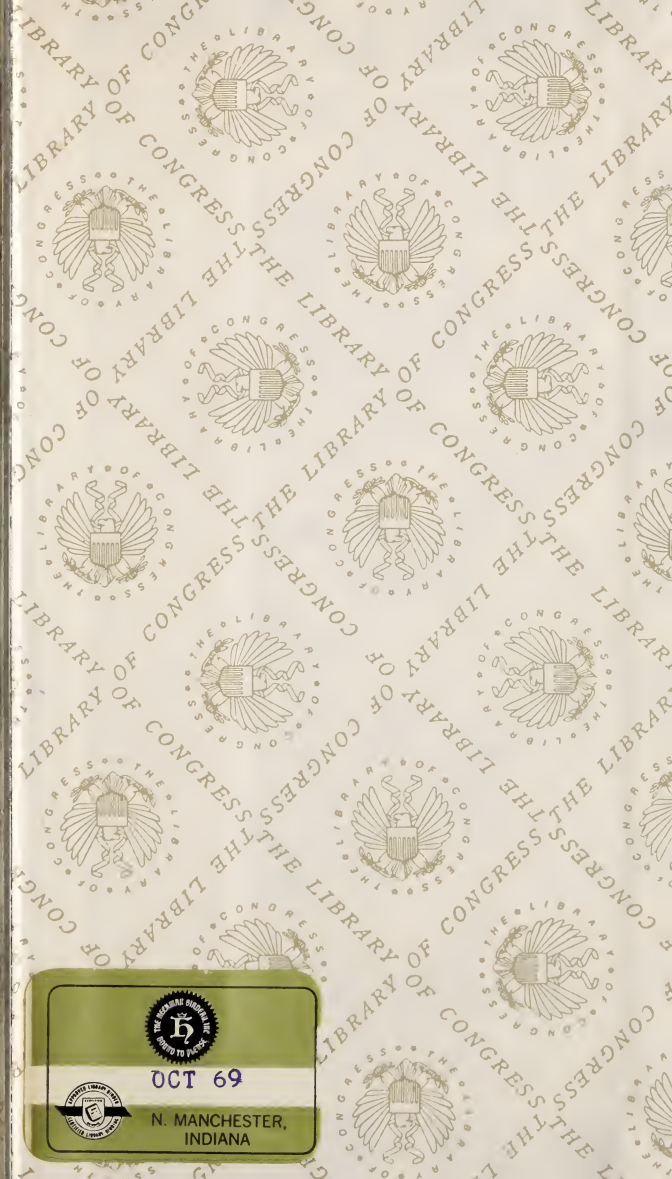
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